

T H E
Fashionable Tell-Tale;
CONTAINING A GREAT VARIETY OF
CURIOUS AND INTERESTING
A N E C D O T E S
O F

EMPERORS,
KINGS,
QUEENS,
STATESMEN,
PRELATES,
DIVINES,

||| GENERALS,
||| ADMIRALS,
||| CAPTAINS,
||| PHYSICIANS,
||| POETS, and
||| PLAYERS.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,
To DAVID GARRICK, Esq.
THE SECOND EDITION,
GREATLY IMPROVED AND ENLARGED.
V O L. II.

*Duplex libelli dos est; quod risum movet,
Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet.*

PHÆDRUS.

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in Lincoln's-Inn Fields; T. Durham, at Charing-
Cross; and A. Edwards, in New Bond-Street. 1778.



CURIOUS ANECDOTES.

WHEN Voltaire was in England, about the year 1726, all the geniuses of that time were assembled one evening in compliment to him, at the earl of Peterborough's, on Parson's Green, and as he had read and admired Addison's works, more than any other, he was happy to plant himself near so great a man, himself being then a stripling. It so happened, our English author was in one of his fits of taciturnity, but he had drank too much, even so as to be obliged to discharge some share of what he had loaded his stomach with. When the evening ended, and the company separating, Voltaire waited on

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Mr.

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Mr. Addison to the coach ; confessed his obligation at having had the honour to sit so near him all the time ; but added, That he was sorry to say, the best thing which came out of his mouth that night, was the *claret*.

At the close of an election at Lewes, the late duke of Newcastle was so delighted with the conduct of a casting voter, that he almost fell upon his neck and kissed him. ‘ My dear friend, I love you dearly !
‘ You’re the greatest man in the world ! I
‘ long to serve you ! What can I do for
‘ you ? ’ ‘ May it please your grace, an
‘ exciseman of this town is very old : I
‘ would beg leave to succeed him as soon
‘ as he dies.’ ‘ Aye, that you shall, with
‘ all my heart. I wish for your sake, he
‘ were dead and buried now. As soon as
‘ he is, set out to me, my dear friend ! Be
‘ it night or day, insist upon seeing me,
‘ sleeping or waking. If I am not at Clare-
‘ mont, come to Lincoln’s Inn-Fields !

‘ Come

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‘Come to court; If I am not at court, never rest till you find me! Not the sanctum sanctorum, or any place, shall be kept sacred from such a dear, worthy, good soul as you are. Nay, I’ll give orders for you to be admitted, though the king and I were talking secrets together in the cabinet.’ The voter swallowed every thing with extacy; and, scraping down to the very ground, retired to wait, in faith, for the death of the exciseman. The former took his leave of this wicked world in the following winter. As soon as ever the duke’s friend was apprized of it, he set off for London, and reached Lincoln’s-Inn Fields about two o’clock in the morning. The king of Spain had, about this time, been seized by a disorder, which some of the English had been induced to believe, from particular expressions, he could not possibly survive. Amongst these, the noble duke was the most credulous, and probably the most

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anxious.

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anxious. On the very first moment of receiving his intelligence, he had dispatched couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with unusual haste, as soon as ever the death of his catholic majesty should have been announced. Ignorant of the time in which they might arrive, and impatient of the fate of every hour, the duke would not retire to his rest, till he had given the strictest orders to his attendants to send any person to his chamber who should desire admittance. When the voter asked if he was at home, he was answered by the porter, 'Yes, his grace has been in bed some time; but we were directed to awaken him, as soon as ever you came.' 'Ah, God bless him! I know that the duke always told me I should be welcome by night or by day. Pray shew me up.' The happy visitor was scarcely conducted to the door, when he rushed into the room, and, in the transport of his joy, cried out, 'My lord, he's
L 'dead.'

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‘ dead. ‘ That’s well, my dear friend;
 ‘ I’m glad of it, with all my soul. When
 ‘ did he die?’ ‘ The morning before last,
 ‘ and please your grace.’ ‘ What so late-
 ‘ ly! Why, my worthy, good creature,
 ‘ you must have flown: the lightning it-
 ‘ self could not travel half so fast as you!
 ‘ Tell me, you best of men, how I shall
 ‘ reward you?’ ‘ All I wish for, in this
 ‘ world, is, that your grace would please
 ‘ to remember your kind promise, and ap-
 ‘ point me to succeed him.’ ‘ You, you
 ‘ blockhead! You king of Spain! What
 ‘ family pretensions can you have? Let’s
 ‘ look at you?’ By this time the astonish-
 ed duke threw back the curtains, and re-
 collected the face of his electioneering
 friend; but it was seen with rage and dis-
 appointment. To have robbed him of
 his rest might easily have been forgiven;
 but to have fed him with a groundless sup-
 position that the king of Spain was dead,
 became a matter of resentment. He was,

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at first, dismissed with all the violence of anger and refusal. At length, the victim of his passion became an object of his mirth; and, when he felt the ridicule that marked the incident, he raised the candidate for monarchy into a post, which, from the colour of the present times, may seem, at least, as honourable,—he made him an exciseman.

The late duke of Montague was no less remarkable for his wit and humour, than he was for his whims and frolicks, which he conducted with a dexterity and address peculiar to himself; as will appear from the following adventure: Soon after the conclusion of the peace in 1748, he had observed, that a middle-aged man, in something like a military dress, of which the lace was much tarnished, and the cloth worn thread-bare, appeared, at a certain hour in the Park, walking to and fro in the Mall, with a kind of mournful solemnity, or ruminat-

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minating by himself on one of the benches, without taking any more notice of the gay croud that was moving before him, than of so many emmets on an ant-hill, or atoms dancing in the sun. This man the duke singled out as likely to be a fit object for a frolick. He began, therefore, by making some enquiry concerning him, and soon learnt, that he was an unfortunate, poor creature, who, having laid out his whole stock in the purchase of a commission, had behaved with great bravery in the war, in hopes of preferment, but, upon conclusion of the peace, had been reduced to starve upon half-pay. This the duke thought a favourable circumstance for his purpose; but he learnt, upon further enquiry, that the captain, having a wife and several children, had been reduced to the necessity of sending them down to Yorkshire, whither he instantly transmitted them the moiety of his half-pay, which would not subsist them nearer London, and reserved the other

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moiety to keep himself upon the spot, where alone he could hope for an opportunity of obtaining a more advantageous situation. These particulars afforded a new scope for the duke's genius, and he immediately began his operation. After some time, when every thing had been prepared, he watched an opportunity, as the captain was sitting alone, busied in thought, to send his gentleman to him, with his compliments, and an invitation to dinner the next day. The duke, having placed himself at a convenient distance, saw his messenger approach without being perceived, and to begin to speak without being heard : he saw his intended guest start, at length, from his reverie, like a man frightened out of a dream, and gaze with a foolish look of wonder and perplexity at the person that accosted him, without seeming to comprehend what he said, or to believe his senses, when it was repeated to him. In short, he saw, with
infinite

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infinite satisfaction, all that could be expected in the looks, behaviour, and attitude of a man, addressed in so abrupt and unaccountable a manner; and, as the sport depended on the man's sensibility, he discovered so much of that quality, on striking the first stroke, that he promised himself success beyond his former hopes. He was told, however, that the captain returned thanks for the honour intended him, and would wait upon his grace at the time appointed. When he came, the duke received him with particular marks of civility; and, taking him aside, with an air of great secrecy and importance, told him, that he had desired the favour of his company to dine, chiefly upon account of a lady who had long had a particular regard for him, and had expressed a great desire to be in his company, which her situation made it impossible for her to accomplish, without the assistance of a friend; that having learnt these particulars by accident, he

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had taken the liberty to bring them together; and added, that he thought such an act of civility (whatever might be the opinion of the world) would be no imputation on his honour. During this discourse, the duke enjoyed a profound astonishment and the various changes or confusion that appeared in the captain's face, who, after he had little recovered himself, began a speech with great solemnity, in which the duke perceived he was labouring, in the best manner he could, to insinuate that he doubted whether he was not imposed upon, and whether he ought not to resent it; and, therefore, to put an end to his difficulties at once, the duke laid his hand upon his breast, and very devoutly swore, that he told him nothing that he did not believe, upon good evidence, to be true. When word was brought that dinner was served, the captain entered the dining-room with curiosity and wonder; but his wonder was unspeakably increased, when he saw, at the table, his own wife and children. The duke

duke had begun his frolick by sending for them out of Yorkshire, and had as much, if not more, astonished the lady, than he had done her husband, to whom he took care she should have no opportunity to send a letter. It is much more easy to conceive than describe a meeting so sudden, unexpected, and extraordinary: it is sufficient to say, that it afforded the duke the highest entertainment, who, at length, with much difficulty, quietly seated them at his table, and persuaded them to eat, without thinking either of yesterday or tomorrow. Soon after dinner was over, word was brought to the duke, that his lawyer attended about some business by his grace's order. The duke, willing to have a short truce with the various enquiries of the captain about his family, ordered the lawyer to be introduced, who, pulling out a deed that the duke was to sign, was directed to read it, with an apology to the company for interruption. The lawyer accordingly began to read, when, to com-

plete the adventure, and the confusion and astonishment of the poor captain and his wife, the deed appeared to be a settlement which the duke had made upon them, of a genteel sufficiency for life. Having gravely heard the instrument read, without appearing to take any notice of the emotions of his guests, he signed and sealed it, and delivered it to the captain's hand, desiring him to accept it without compliments; 'For,' says he, 'I assure you, it is
' the last thing I would have done, if I
' thought I could have employed my money, or my time, more to my satisfaction,
' in any other way.'

Every body has heard of admiral Blake, who, perhaps, carried the honour of his country to as high a pitch, as any man that ever lived; one instance of which deserves to be written in indelible characters upon the heart of every British subject. This great officer being at Malaga with his
fleet,

fleet, some of his seamen, out of curiosity, went on shore, at a time when the host was carrying about the streets, as is usual in all Catholic countries upon every grand festival; but, instead of behaving with that decency which serious men ought in a foreign country, they not only refused to pay any honours to the blessed image themselves, but laughed at those that did; than which there could not be a grosser affront. One of the priests, fired with holy zeal on the supposed indignity cast upon his God, inspired the people with resentment against the scoffers, so that they fell furiously upon them and drove them to their ships, not without some loss of blood on both sides. The sailors complained to their commander of the usage they had met with from the townsmen, and one and all petitioned for leave to take their own revenge; but the admiral promised them satisfaction in a more honourable way: accordingly he instantly dispatched a trumpeter to the gover-

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governor of the town, to demand the priest who had been the chief promoter of the tumult. The governor returned for answer, That he had no authority over the priests, and therefore could not comply with the admiral's demand. But Blake sent word back, that he would not inquire who had the power to send the priest to him, but, if he were not sent within three hours, he would burn the town. Upon this resolute message, the governor thought proper to deliver up the priest; who, with fear and trembling, appeared before the admiral, expecting no other than to be hanged that instant upon the yard-arm. But Blake thought fit to hear what he had to say in justification of his conduct. The priest very naturally laid the blame of all the mischief upon the rude behaviour of the seamen, who had ridiculed one of the most solemn rites of their most holy church. Blake answered, That if he had complained to him of the insult, he would have punished

nished severely the authors of it; since he would not allow his men to affront the established religion of any place, at which he might have occasion to touch; but he took it heinously, that he should spirit up the Spaniards to such insolence; for he would have all the world to know, That an Englishman was only to be punished by an Englishman. However, he civilly treated the priest and dismissed him, being satisfied he had him in his power. Cromwell was exceedingly pleased with this incident, and read the letters in council, which gave an account of it, with uncommon satisfaction, adding, That he hoped to make the name of an Englishman as much revered as ever was that of an old Roman.

Mr. Dryden happening to pass an evening in company with the duke of Buckingham, the earl of Rochester, lord Dorset, and some others of the first distinction and
reputa-

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reputation for genius, the conversation turned upon literary subjects; such as the fineness of composition, the harmony of numbers, the beauties of invention, the smoothness and elegance of style, &c. &c. After some debate, it was finally agreed, that each person present should write something upon whatever subject chanced to strike the imagination, and place it under the candlestick. Mr. Dryden was excepted against in every respect, but as a judge of the whole. Of course that office was assigned him. Some of the company were at more than ordinary pains to out-rival each other: the man most tranquil and unconcerned was lord Dorset; who, with much ease and composure, very coolly wrote two or three lines, and carelessly threw them in the place agreed upon; and when the rest had done so by theirs, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny. In going through the whole he discovered strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction;

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but at one, in particular, he discovered the most boundless rapture. ‘I must acknowledge,’ says Dryden, ‘that there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honour to the personages who wrote them; but I am under indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to lord Dorset. I must request you will hear it yourselves, gentlemen, and I believe each and every one of you will approve my judgment:’

‘I promise to pay to John Dryden, Esq. or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds. DORSET.’

‘I must confess,’ continued Dryden, ‘that I am equally charmed with the style and the subject; and I flatter myself, gentlemen, that I stand in need of no arguments to induce you to join with me in opinion against yourselves. This kind of writing exceeds any other, whether ancient or modern. It is not the essence, but
‘the

‘the quintessence of language: and is, in fact, reason and argument surpassing every thing.’ The company all readily concurred with the bard, and each person present was forward to express a due admiration of his lordship’s penetration, sound judgement, and superior abilities, with which it is probable Mr. Dryden, that great judge upon such occasions, was still more thoroughly satisfied than any of the company.

The personal enmity which had subsisted between his late majesty king George II. and Frederick-William, late king of Prussia, even from their early years, and often to the no small perplexity of their ministers, went so far (says Baron Biefield) that, as he is informed from a good quarter, they conceived the very singular design of gratifying it in a duel. King George had already made choice of brigadier Sutton for his second, and the king of Prussia

Prussia of colonel Derschw. The territory of Hildesheim had been pitched upon for the meeting. His Britannic majesty was then at Hanover, and his Prussian majesty was come as far as Saltzdahl, near Brunswick. Baron Borck, his minister at London, and lately dismissed from that court in a very abrupt manner, being come to the king his master at Saltzdahl, found him in such a violent passion, that he did not think it adviseable directly to oppose his design; but, to gain time, feigned to approve of the extraordinary combat which that prince meditated, and he even offered to carry the challenge. But coming into the king's apartment an hour after, he took the liberty of speaking to him in this manner: 'Sire, I allow that
 ' your majesty's quarrel is not to be deter-
 ' mined any other way than by a duel;
 ' but your majesty being but just raised
 ' from a dangerous sickness, and your
 ' health being still precarious, should you
 ' be

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‘ be taken with a relapse the day before the
 ‘ affair, or perhaps at the very time, what
 ‘ would the world say? and how would
 ‘ the king of England make his boasts?
 ‘ How many scandalous constructions would
 ‘ be put upon this accident? What an odious
 ‘ suspicion might it not bring on your
 ‘ majesty’s courage? These things considered, do not you think, Sire, it would
 ‘ be better to stay a fortnight?’ The king
 is said to have come into these reasons,
 though with some difficulty; the challenge
 was not sent; the ministers on both sides
 gained time; the choler of both parties
 evaporated, and the following year the
 quarrel was made up.

We beg leave to add a short, but less
 serious anecdote of Frederick. It seems
 he was far from being favourably disposed
 to literature, and, by way of contempt,
 would now and then propose to the Academy
 of Sciences, at Berlin, mere trifles,

or

or jokes. The academy's answer, indeed, was generally of no better turn. One day, for instance, his majesty sent them the following question: What might be the physical causes, why two glasses, filled with champaigne, and struck one against the other, the sound, instead of being shrill and clear as that of two glasses filled with any other wine, was faint and dull. The academicians returned for answer; That their pockets not reaching champaigne, they were ignorant of the effect. The king, to convince them of the phenomenon, sent them a dozen of flasks. They drank the wine, without elucidating the royal problem.

The late Mr. Whiston was once in company with Messieurs Pope, Addison, Walpole, secretary Craggs, and others; when the question was started, Whether a secretary of state could be an honest man, consistent with the interest of his country?

After

After some debate, all appealed to Mr. Whiston, who appeared unwilling to give his opinion upon a point of state-policy ; but, being pressed thereto, said, he believed it would be best for a secretary of state to speak openly what he knew, and declare his intentions freely. Mr. Craggs replied, It might do for a fortnight, but not longer. To which, says Mr. Whiston, ‘Mr. Secretary, did you ever try it for ‘a fortnight?’ The secretary made no answer, and Mr. Walpole said he could not answer.—Another time, in a conference with the late queen Caroline, who had a great respect for him, and had frequently experienced with pleasure the truth and sincerity of his heart, her Majesty observed, that she well knew in general the people’s freedom in passing their censures upon the court, and asked him, What particular fault they found in her conduct? Mr. Whiston replied, That the fault most complained of, was, that of her talking at chapel.

pel. She promised amendment ; but proceeding to ask what other faults were objected to her, he replied, ‘ When your majesty has amended this, I’ll tell you of the next.’

It is well known the sovereign contempt the late Henry Fielding, Esq. entertained for the understandings of the generality of mankind. It was in vain to tell him, that a particular scene was dangerous on account of its coarseness, or because it retarded the general business with feeble efforts of wit : he doubted the discernment of his auditors, and so thought himself secured by their stupidity, if not by his own humour and vivacity. A very remarkable instance of this disposition appeared, when the comedy of the Wedding-Day was put into rehearsal. An actor, who was principally concerned in the piece, and, though young, was then, by the advantage of happy requisites, an early favourite of the public,

public, told Mr. Fielding he was apprehensive that the audience would make free with him in a particular passage; adding, that a repulse might so flurry his spirits, as to disconcert him for the rest of the night, and therefore begged it might be omitted. ‘No, d—n ’em,’ replied the bard; ‘if the scene is not a good one, let ’them find that out.’ Accordingly the play was brought on, without alteration; and, just as had been foreseen, the disapprobation of the house was provoked at the passage before objected to; and the performer, alarmed and uneasy at the hisses he had met with, retired into the green-room, where the author was indulging his genius, and solacing himself with a bottle of champagne. He had, by this time, drank pretty plentifully; and, cocking his eye at the actor, while streams of tobacco trickled down from the corner of his mouth, ‘What’s the matter Garrick?’ says he. ‘What are they hissing now?’

‘Why

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‘ Why the scene I begged you to retrench:
 ‘ I knew it would not do, and they have so
 ‘ frightened me, that I shall not be able to
 ‘ collect myself again the whole night.’
 ‘ Oh ! —n ’em,’ replies the author, ‘ they
 ‘ have found it out, have they ?’

In the walls of the ancient house of Sir Edward Dering, in the county of Kent, lately pulled down and rebuilt, a Latin manuscript was found, wrote by a bastard son of Richard III. not mentioned by any of our historians. The occasion of its lodgment was as follows: This youth was privately educated in the country, at a great expence, under the best masters in every science. The tuition answered the royal expectation. The night before the fatal battle of Bosworth Field, the king sent for him, and he was privately conducted to his tent. The attendants being dismissed, he declared to him the grand secret,—that he was his father, and, presenting

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him

him with fifteen hundred pounds (a large sum in those days), said, 'Son, thou must wait the issue of to-morrow: if fortunate, I will acknowledge thee, and create thee prince of Wales: if the battle goes against me, and I fall, forget what thou art, and live retired, there is that (the money given) which will procure a maintenance.' The son withdrew to a place of secrecy and observation. The fatal day came; the battle ensued; Richard fell: his son immediately set off for the capital, and placed himself with a mason of great eminence, being about sixteen years of age. The gratefulness of his person and behaviour bespoke that parentage which, however, he had the art and address carefully to disguise and conceal. The master quickly discovered the genius of his apprentice, whose skill and judgment he relied upon in the nicest and most difficult parts of architecture. Being engaged in some alterations and repairs in this ancient house, Richard's

son

son was sent down to superintend the workmen, where his wit, not less than his ingenuity, was so engaging, that the owner of the seat retained him, and permitted him to build on his estate a little mansion to reside upon. He lived some years in this retirement, devoted to reading and contemplation, in great repute for his learning, piety and modesty, and, during that period, he wrote his life. At the approach of death, he gave the manuscript to his patron, with a request not to read it till after his decease. He recovered, but soon after died; and the aforesaid manuscript (inclosed, as it is supposed, by his friend within the wall) was not known nor discovered till so lately as 1768. It is now in the possession of the family of the Derings, to whom the lovers of history, and the public in general, would be greatly obliged for the publication.

When Dr. Samuel Johnson made the tour of Scotland, in 1773, he was admitted, *speciali gratia*, into the fraternity of sages, known at Edinburgh by the title of the Physico-Theological Society. The conversation, as usual, turned upon a very abstruse point of metaphysics; viz. Whether a man would accept of existence by choice; or whether the Deity, to carry on the present system of things, must not compel him to existence by necessity? After many hours speech in the most subtle and acute refinements of logic, the whole company turned their eyes on the doctor, and requested to hear his sentiments. His answer was couched in his usual cynical strain. ‘For my part, I think the solution of the question ultimately depends on the single circumstance, of considering under what denomination of country the supposed subject for existence was to be discriminated. If he was to be an English-

‘Englishman, he would exist by choice;
 ‘if a Scotchman, by necessity.

Doctor Young, author of the Night Thoughts, was remarkable for his intimate acquaintance with the Greek authors, and had a passionate veneration for *Æschylus*. The overflowings of his benevolence were as strong, and his fits of reverie were as frequent, and occurred often upon the most interesting occasion. Of this last observation, a singular instance is given by a gentleman who served, during the last war in Flanders, in the very same regiment to which the doctor was chaplain. On a fine summer’s evening, he thought proper to indulge himself in his love of a solitary walk, and accordingly he sallied forth from his tent. The beauties of the hemisphere, and the landscape round him, pressed warmly on his imagination: his heart overflowed with benevolence to all God’s creatures, and gratitude to the supreme Dis-

pender of that emanation of glory which covered the face of things. It is very possible, that a passage in his dearly-beloved *Æschylus* occurred to his memory on this occasion, and seduced his thoughts into a profound meditation. Whatever was the object of his reflections, certain it is, that something did powerfully seize his imagination, so as to preclude all attention to things that lay immediately before him; and, in that deep fit of absence, Dr. Young proceeded on his journey, till he arrived very quietly and calmly in the enemy's camp, where he was, with difficulty, brought to a recollection of himself, by the repetition of "*Qui va la,*" from the soldiers upon duty. The officer who commanded, finding that he had strayed thither in the undesigning simplicity of his heart, and seeing an innate goodness in his prisoner which commanded his respect, very politely gave him leave to pursue his contemplation back to the English camp.

The

The late Mr. Hall, the comedian, was one day standing at a coffee-house door in the neighbourhood of St. James's, with Mr. Quin, and playing with a little dog he frequently carried under his arm; when his grace the duke of —, who had been a patron of Mr. Hall's, was just stepping into his chariot, after receiving the comedian's salute, and observing he had got a handsome little puppy; to which Mr. Hall innocently replied, 'Yes, please your grace, he's one of king Charles's breed.' The chariot now began to move, and Mr. Quin, turning about to poor Hall (who never dreamed he had been guilty of an error) with his usual acuteness, cried, 'Why, you blockhead, do you know that you have affronted my lord duke? Hadn't you brains enough to remember that he's a grandson of king Charles himself.' Mr. Hall now recollected his mistake, and, fearing he might incur the duke's displeasure, ran immediately after the chariot, and, com-

ing, at length, blowing up to the window, began to apologize for his expression, and concluded with, ' I hope your grace will
' not be offended at what was inadvertently
' said ; for I assure your grace, I did not
' remember your father was a bastard of
' king Charles.'

Francis Pasqual, an Italian friar, knowing, from experience, that the dull uniformity of the monastic life required some little amusements to render it supportable, the first thing he set about was, to find a mistress. He made love to a lady of easy virtue, who soon admitted his addresses, but, at the same time, informed him, that he had a very formidable rival, who was as jealous as a tyger, and would not fail to put them both to death should he discover the intrigue. This was no other than a life-guard-man, a fellow of six feet two inches, with a vast spada, like that of Goliath, and a monstrous pair of curled whiskers,

whiskers, that would have cast a damp on the heart of any man but Francis Pasqual. But the monastic life had not yet enervated him: he was accustomed to danger, and loved a few difficulties. However, as, in his present character, he could not be on a footing with his rival, he thought it best only to make use of prudence and stratagem to supplant him: these are the ecclesiastical arms, and they have generally been found too hard for the military. The lady promised him an interview so soon as the court should go to Portici, where the life-guard-man's duty obliged him to attend the king of Naples, Pasqual waited with impatience for some time. At last the wished-for night arrived: the king set off, after the opera, with all his guards. Pasqual flew like lightning to the arms of his mistress; the preliminaries were soon settled, and the happy lovers had just fallen asleep, when they were suddenly alarmed by a rap, and a well-known voice at the

door. The lady started up in an agony of despair, assuring Pasqual that they were both undone; that this was her lover, and, if some expedient was not fallen upon, in the first transports of his fury he would certainly put them both to death. There was no time for reflection: the life-guard-man demanded entrance in the most peremptory manner, and the lady was obliged to instant compliance. Pasqual had just time to gather his rags together, and cram himself in below the bed. At that instant the door opened, and the giant came in, rattling his arms, and storming at his mistress, for having made him wait so long. However, she soon pacified him. He then ordered her to strike a light, that he might see to undress. This struck Pasqual to the soul, and he gave himself up for lost: however, the lady's address saved him, when he least expected it: in bringing the tinder, she took care to let fall some water into the box; and all the beat-

ing she and her lover could beat, they could not produce one spark. Every stroke of the flint sounded in Pasqual's ear like his death-knell; but, when he heard the life-guard-man swearing at the tinder for not kindling, he began to conceive some hopes, and blessed the fertile invention of a woman. The lady told him he might easily get a light at the guard, which was at no great distance. Pasqual's heart leaped with joy; but, when the soldier answered that he was absent without leave, and durst not be seen, it began again to flag; and, on his ordering her to go, it died within him, and he now found himself in greater danger than ever. The lady herself was confounded; but, quickly recovering, she told him, it would be too long before she could get dressed; but advised him to go to the corner of a neighbouring street, where there was a lamp burning before the Virgin Mary, who could have no objection to his lighting

a candle at it. Pasqual revived; but the foldier declared he was too much fatigued with his walk, and would rather undress in the dark: he at the same time began to grope below the bed for a bottle of liqueurs, which he knew stood there. Pasqual shook like a quaker: however, still he escaped. The lady observing what he was about, made a spring, and got him the bottle at the very instant he was within an inch of seizing Pasqual's head. The lady then went to bed, and told her lover, as it was a cold night, she would warm his place for him. Pasqual admired her address, and began to conceive some hopes of escaping. His situation was the most irksome in the world; the bed was so low that he had no room to move; and, when the great heavy life-guard-man entered it, he found himself squeezed down to the ground. He lay trembling and stifling his breath for some time, but found it absolutely impossible to support his situation

ation till morning ; and, indeed, if he had, his cloaths, which were scattered about, must infallibly have discovered him. He therefore began to think of making his escape ; but he could not move without alarming his rival, who was now lying above him. At first, he thought of rushing suddenly out, and throwing himself into the street ; but this he disdained : and, on second thoughts, determined to seize the life-guard-man's sword, and either put him to death, or make an honourable capitulation both for himself and the lady. In the midst of these reflections, his rival began to snore, and Pasqual declared, that no music was ever so grateful to his soul. He tried to stir a little, and, finding that it did not awake the enemy, he, by degrees, worked himself entirely out of his prison. He immediately laid hold of the great spada ; when all his fears forsook him, and he felt as bold as a lion. He now relinquished the dastardly scheme of escaping,

escaping, and only thought how he could best retaliate on his rival, for all that he had made him suffer. As Pasqual was stark naked, it was no more trouble to him to put on the soldier's cloaths than his own; and, as both his cloak and his cap-pouch together were not worth a sixpence, he thought it most eligible to equip himself à la militaire, and to leave his sacerdotal robes to the soldier. In a short time he was dressed cap-a-pee. His greasy cowl, his cloak, his sandals, his rosary, and his rope of discipline, he gathered together, and placed on a chair before the bed; and, girding himself with a great buff-belt, instead of the cordon of St. Francis, and grasping his trusty toledo instead of the crucifix, he sallied forth into the street. He pondered for some time what scheme to fall upon; and at first thought of returning in the character of another life-guard-man, pretending to have been sent by the officer in quest of his companion,

who,

who, not being found in his quarters, was supposed to have deserted ; and thus, after having made him pay heartily for all that he had suffered below the bed, to leave him to the enjoyment of his panic, and the elegant suit of clothes he had provided him. However, he was not satisfied with this revenge, and determined on one still more solid. He went to the guard, and told the officer, That he had met a capuchin friar, with all the ensigns of his sanctity about him, sculking through the streets in the dead of night, when they pretend to be employed in prayers for the sins of mankind ; that his curiosity prompted him to follow him ; that, as he expected, the holy friar went strait to the house of a celebrated courtesan ; that he saw him admitted, and listened at the window till he heard them go to bed together ; that if he did not find the information to be true, he should resign himself his prisoner, and submit to whatever punishment he thought

thought proper. The officer and his guard delighted to have such a hold of a capuchin (who pretend to be the very models of sanctity, and who revile, in a particular manner, the licentious life of the military), turned out with the utmost alacrity, and, under the conduct of Pasqual, soon surrounded the lady's house. Pasqual began thundering at the door, and demanded entrance for the officer and his guard. The unhappy soldier, waking with the noise, and not doubting that it was a detachment sent to seize him, gave himself up to despair, and instantly took shelter in the very place that Pasqual had so lately occupied; at the same time laying hold of the things he found on the chair, never doubting but that they were his own cloaths. As the lady was somewhat dilatory in opening the door, Pasqual pretended to put his foot to it, when up it flew, and, entering with the officer and his guard, demanded the body of a capuchin

chin friar, who they were informed lodged with her that night. As the lady had heard Pasqual go out, and had no suspicion that he would inform against himself, she protested her innocence in the most solemn manner, taking all the saints to witness that she knew no such person; but Pasqual, suspecting the retreat of the lover, began groping below the bed, and soon pulled out his own greasy cowl and cloak. 'Here,' said he to the officers, 'here are proofs enough. I'll answer for it, Signor Padre himself is at no great distance:' and putting his nose below the bed, 'Fogh,' says he, 'I smell him; he stinks like a fox. The surest way of finding a capuchin is by the nose: you may wind him a mile off.' Then lowering their lanthorn, they beheld the unfortunate lover squeezed in betwixt the bed and the ground, and almost stifled. 'Ecco lo!' said Pasqual; 'here he is, with all the ensigns of his holiness:' and, pulling them
out

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out one by one, the crucifix, the rosary, and the cord of discipline, 'You may see,' says he, 'that the reverend father came ' here to do penance : ' and, taking up the cord, ' Suppose now we should assist him ' in the meritorious work. Andiamo, ' Signor Padre, Andiamo. We will save ' you the trouble of inflicting it yourself, ' and whether you came here to sin, or to ' repent, by your own maxims, you know, ' a little sound discipline is always health- ' ful to the soul.' The guard were lying round the bed in convulsions of laughter ; and began breaking the most galling, and most insolent jokes upon the supposed Padre. The life-guard-man absolutely thought himself enchanted. He at last ventured to speak ; and declared they were all in a mistake ; that he was no capuchin. Upon which, the laugh redoubled, and the coarsest jokes were repeated. The lady, in the mean time, with the best-dissembled marks of fear and astonishment,

ran

ran about the room, exclaiming. 'Oime
'Siamo Perduti, Siamo incantati, Siamo
'inforcelati.' Pasqual, delighted to see
that his plan had taken its full effect,
thought it now time to make his retreat,
before the unfortunate lover could have an
opportunity of examining his cloaths, and
perhaps detecting him: he therefore pre-
tended regimental business, and, regretting
much that he was obliged to go to Portici,
took his leave of the officer and his guard;
at the same time, recommending, by all
means, to treat the holy father with all
that reverence and respect that was due to
so sacred a person. The life-guard-man,
when he got out from below the bed, be-
gan to look about for his cloaths; but, ob-
serving nothing but the greasy weeds of a
capuchin friar, he was perfectly convinced,
that Heaven had delivered him over, for
his offences, to the power of some dæmon;
(for of all mortals the Neapolitan soldiers
are the most superstitious). The lady, too,
acted

acted her part so well, that he had no longer any doubt of it. 'Thus it is,' said he, in a penitential voice, 'to offend Heaven! I own my sin. I knew it was Friday, and yet, Oh, flesh, flesh! Had it been any other day, I still should have remained what I was. Oh, St. Jannaro! I passed thee * too without paying the due respect: thy all-seeing eye has found me out. Gentlemen, do with me what you please: I am not what I seem to be.' 'No, no,' said the officer, 'we are sensible of that. But come, Signor Padre, on with your garments, and march: we have no time to trifle. Here, corporal,' giving him the cordon, 'tie his hands, and let him feel the weight of St. Francis: the saint owes him that, for having so impudently denied him for his master. The poor soldier was perfectly passive: they arrayed him in the

* A celebrated statue of St. Januarius, betwixt Portici and Naples.

sandals,

sandals, the cowl, and the cloak of Francis Pasqual, and put the great rosary about his neck; and a most woeful figure he made. The officer made him look in the glass, to try if he could recollect himself; and asked, If he was a capuchin now or not? He was shocked at his own appearance; but bore every thing with meekness and resignation. They then conducted him to the guard, belabouring him all the way with the cord of St. Francis, and asking him, every stroke, If he knew his master now? In the mean time, Pasqual was snug in his convent, enjoying the secret of his adventure. He had a spare cloak and cowl, and was soon equipped again like one of the holy fathers: he then took the cloaths and accoutrements of the life-guard-man, and laid them in a heap, near the gate of another convent of capuchins, but at a great distance from his own, reserving only to himself a trifle of money which he found in the breeches-pocket, just

just to indemnify himself for the loss of his cloak and his cowl; and even this, he said, he should have held sacred, but he knew whoever should find the cloaths, would certainly make lawful prize of it. The poor soldier remained next day a spectacle of ridicule to all the world. At last his companions heard of his strange metamorphosis, and came in troops to see him. Their jokes were perhaps still more galling than those of the guard; but, as he thought himself under the finger of God, or at least of St. Januarius, he bore all with meekness and patience: at last his clothes were found, and he was set at liberty; but he believes to this day, that the whole was the work of the devil, sent to chastise him for his sins; and has never since seen his mistress on a Friday, nor passed the statue of St. Januarius without muttering a prayer.

When

When a young fellow, who was just come from the play of Cleomenes, or the Spartan Hero, told Mr. Dryden, the author, in raillery against the continency of the principal character, 'If I had been alone with a lady, I should not have passed my time like your Spartan.' 'That may be,' answered the bard, with a very grave face; 'but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no hero.'

When the late earl of H——e was lord chancellor, the authenticity of a will of one of his deceased friends was litigated before him. As his lordship expected to be mentioned as a principal legatee in this will, and found his expectations balked, he took no small pains to destroy its validity, by brow-beating the witnesses; and succeeded in this laudable purpose beyond his hopes; every one of them being disconcerted except one, who was a country farmer. This honest yeoman persisted in his evidence

evidence through all the subtle windings of cross-examination ; steadily asserted that the will was authentic ; and that he had put his hand to it as a witness. ‘ Pray,’ said my lord, ‘ in what year, and on what day, did you witness this will ? ’ ‘ I cannot be positive as to the particular day,’ replied the other ; ‘ but this I well remember, that, when I came out of the house, from doing it, I was told, that old Yorke* the attorney had hanged himself.’ This blunt declaration struck his lordship dumb, and the will was acknowledged legal and authentic.

King Henry IV. of France received an education very different from that usually bestowed on princes. From his infancy his person was exposed to all the rigour of the season : his cloathing was plain, his diet coarse and spare, he was instructed to de-

* His lordship’s father.

port himself with humility to the meanest object, and to familiarize himself to the manners of all ranks of people. This last custom grew into inclination with him, and he never departed from it during his life. Some few weeks after the conclusion of the treaty of peace with Spain and Savoy, the king was returning from a shooting-party, and had, as was frequently his custom, dismissed his attendants. He was accompanied by three gentlemen closely wrapped up in great cloaks, to secure them from the inclemency of the weather, which had turned out wet and boisterous. Stopping upon that part of the quay where the college of the four nations now stands, the king cast his eyes upon a man who rowed the boat (as is still the custom) from shore to shore, on the river Seine; and, turning to those about him, 'I observe,' said he, 'something of an impatient discontent in that fellow's countenance: methinks I have a curiosity to be acquainted

‘quainted with the subject of his chagrin.’

In saying these words, he descended to the river side, and entered the boat. Being soon seated, and turning to the man;

‘Well, my friend,’ says the king, ‘what

‘think you of the peace?’ ‘I don’t know,

‘not I, what to think of it;’ replied the

man: ‘I am not a farthing the better for

‘this same peace they make so much noise

‘about: I don’t find things a jot better

‘than they were before: the taxes are as

‘high as ever, and the Lord knows when

‘they will be lowered. I don’t find fish,

‘flesh, or fowl, or wine, or bread, a bit

‘the cheaper for their peace. I am forced

‘to tug this cursed boat from morning till

‘night, in heat and in cold, in rain and in

‘sunshine, and, when I have done all, I

‘can scarce live by my labour; almost all

‘goes to the king.’ ‘What then,’ said

Henry, ‘is your opinion of the king?’

‘His majesty,’ replied the ferryman, ‘may

‘be a good sort of a man enough; but

‘that’s

' that's no matter : he keeps a mistress that
 ' is as extravagant as the devil : she spends
 ' more money in fine gowns, trinkets, and
 ' such-like things, than would support half
 ' a dozen provinces ; and, at last, it is such
 ' poor starving dogs as I must pay for all ;
 ' though between you and I, if the truth
 ' may be told, she has other gallants be-
 ' sides him.' The king landed extremely
 well satisfied with the conversation that
 had passed between him and the ferryman,
 resolving to divert himself yet more with
 it, by relating the whole to his mistress,
 the famous Gabrielle d'Estrees, duchess
 of Beaufort, on whose beauty so many en-
 comiums have been made. The duchess
 received the account with the utmost rage,
 and ordered that the fellow might appear
 before her the day following, and in the
 presence of the king. The ferryman was
 brought in the condition of a man led to
 execution, and in no small apprehension
 of that doom which very probably might

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have been his fate, had he been at the mercy of a prince less remarkable for the goodness of his heart, and the sweetness of his disposition; but it was the contrary with the duchess, who obstinately persisted to have him hanged. ‘Poh, poh, you are a fool;’ says the king: ‘cannot you see that this is a poor devil dissatisfied and out of humour with his condition? I will make his boat free, and I will engage that he will bawl all the rest of his days, “Long live Henry! and long live Gabrielle!”’

Senesino and Farinelli, when in England together, being engaged at different theatres on the same night, had not an opportunity of hearing each other; till, by one of those sudden stage-revolutions which frequently happen, yet are always unexpected, they were both employed to sing on the same stage. Senesino had the part of a furious tyrant to represent, and Fa-

rinelli that of an unfortunate hero in chains: but, in the course of the first song, he so softened the obdurate heart of the enraged tyrant, that Senesino, forgetting his stage-character, ran to Farinelli, and embraced him in his own. This anecdote, while it displays the extraordinary powers of one of the parties, does almost equal honour to the sensibility of the other.

Some young persons walking lately in the wood of Boulogne, perceived there an Abbé singing at the foot of a tree: they drew near and surrounded him. The Abbé, startled at his auditory, stopped short. The forwardest of them addressed him, and told him, That, attracted by the charms of his voice, they were come there to listen to him. The singer excused himself. They insisted; he refused. The petulant orator lifted up his cane, and threatened to take the measure of his shoulders, if he required any further intreaty. ‘A pretty method,

‘indeed, to teach people to sing:’ said the Abbé. ‘I agree that it is rather harsh; but we will cut off your ears for you, if you like that better.’ The poor devil, seeing there was no reasoning with these gentlemen, set about his part, and sung, as we may imagine, very ill. ‘To it again, Sir;’ said the orator: ‘we shall perform better the second time.’ In short, they made him pass through the whole scale of music; after which they withdrew, with great commendations on his voice, and, above all, on his complaisance in singing. The Abbé, who had this scene much at heart, lost no time; but, while the gentlemen continued their walk, laughing at his expence, he hastened to the gate of Boulogne, and, by the description he there gave of them, he found out their coachman: from him he learnt that the orator was the count of——, a black musqueteer, and got particular information of his residence. The next morning, very early,

the

the Abbé, dressed like a gentleman, hastened to his house, where he procured immediate admittance to him. Being left alone with the count, who was yet half asleep, he told him who he was, and that he was come to demand satisfaction for the affront given the evening before. An apostrophe of this kind was well adapted to rouse the musqueteer, who continued still dozing. ‘You are absolutely a brave fellow,’ said the count: ‘I love Abbés who are ready at every thing; and nothing, to be sure, is more reasonable than what you demand; but, pray, do you understand the sword?’ ‘That is no matter of your’s;’ said the Abbé: ‘you shall see by and-by.’ ‘Be it so;’ replied the count: ‘but where shall we fix the field of battle?’ ‘On the very spot where the affront was given,’ rejoined the Abbé. ‘With all my heart;’ said the count: and, dressing himself instantly, ordered his horses to be put to the carriage. Our two champions

repaired to the gate of Maillot, and, getting out there, proceeded to the place of rendezvous. While the musqueteer was stripping, the Abbé took a pistol out of his pocket, and clapped it to his breast: ‘We are not come here to fight, Sir,’ said he: ‘you made me sing yesterday against my will: I take you to be a very good dancer, and you shall dance, or I will blow out your brains.’ In vain the soldier, startled at the pistol, would have pleaded the laws of honour. ‘You were a stranger to them yesterday,’ said the Abbé, ‘and deserve no other usage. No more ceremony, or I avenge myself immediately, let what will come of it.’ The musqueteer squeezed his ears, and was obliged to comply. Accordingly he asked, submissively, what he must dance? ‘Cupris’ minuet is what I am going to sing;’ said the Abbé: who thereupon warbled out the tune, directing his pupil all the while by the pistol. When the minuet

was

was over, the Abbé required a country dance, then a hornpipe, rigadoon, &c. At last, throwing aside his pistol, and drawing his sword, 'We have now nothing to reproach each other with : let us fight.' 'No,' cried the count, 'we will not : you are too brave a conqueror ; you have corrected my folly. I am to thank you for the lesson : let us be friends.' The two combatants embraced each other, and went to seal their friendship over a bottle.

Charles V. in his intervals of relaxation, used to retire to Brussels. He was a prince curious to know the sentiments of his meanest subjects concerning himself, and his administration ; and therefore often went out *incog.* and mixed himself in such companies and conversation as he thought proper. One night his boot requiring immediate mending, he was directed to a cobbler ; unluckily, it happened to be St. Crispin's holiday ; and, instead of finding the cobbler

inclined for work, he was in the height of jollity among his acquaintances. The emperor acquainted him with what he wanted, and offered him a handsome gratuity. ‘What! friend,’ says the cobbler, ‘do you know no better, than to ask any of our craft to work on St. Crispin? Was it Charles the Fifth himself, I’d not do a stitch for him now; but if you’ll come in, and drink St. Crispin, do, and welcome: we are as merry as the emperor can be.’ The sovereign accepted his offer; but, while he was contemplating on their rude pleasure, instead of joining in it, the jovial host thus accosts him: ‘What, I suppose you are some courtier politician or other, by that contemplative phyz? nay, by your long nose, you may be a bastard of the emperor’s; but, be who or what you will, you’re heartily welcome. Drink about. Here’s Charles the Fifth’s health.’ ‘Then you love Charles the Fifth?’ replied the emperor. ‘Love

‘Love him!’ says the son of Crispin; ‘ay,
 ‘ay, I love his long-noseship well enough;
 ‘but I should love him more, would he
 ‘tax us a little less. But what the devil
 ‘have we to do with politics? Round with
 ‘the glasses, and merry be our hearts.’
 After a short stay, the emperor took his
 leave, and thanked the cobbler for his hos-
 pitable reception. ‘That,’ cried he,
 ‘you’re welcome to; but I would not
 ‘to-day have dishonoured St. Crispin to
 ‘have worked for the emperor.’ Charles,
 pleased with the honest good-nature and
 humour of the fellow, sent for him next
 morning to court. You must imagine his
 surprize, to see and hear his late guest was
 his sovereign. He feared his joke on his
 long nose must be punished with death.
 The emperor thanked him for his hospi-
 tality, and, as a reward for it, bid him ask
 for what he most desired, and take the
 whole night to settle his surprize and am-
 bition. Next day he appeared, and re-
 D 6 requested.

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requested that, for the future, the coblers of Flanders might bear for their arms a boot, with the emperor's crown upon it. The request was granted; and, as his ambition was so moderate, the emperor bid him make another. 'If,' says he, 'I am to have my utmost wishes, command that, for the future, the company of coblers shall take place of the company of shoe-makers.' It was accordingly so ordained: and, to this day, there is to be seen a chapel in Flanders adorned round with a boot and imperial crown on it; and, in all processions, the company of coblers takes place of the company of shoe-makers.

Swift could never reply to a repartee, notwithstanding his ready wit, because it trod upon the corns of his pride. He was crossing over the ferry in Dublin, and he was remarkable fond of chatting with the most indifferent men, overlooking the better sort as below the notice of his dignity.

nity. Turning himself from the passengers in the stern of the boat, he addressed a poor man near him: 'Well, friend, what profession are you of?' 'I am a taylor, Sir:' said the other (not knowing the dean). 'What, are you married?' said Swift. 'Yes, Sir:' replied the taylor. 'And who wears the breeches?' said the dean. 'My a——;' answered the other: which retort so mortified the dean (as most in the boat knew him), that, to save his pride, he gave the taylor a crown, bidding him wear a better pair, since it was what the most noble bums in Europe could not boast.

Lord S——, in Ireland, having this motto on his coach;

'Eques haud male notus.'

'A nobleman not ill known;'

and this gentleman not having the greatest alacrity in prompt payments of his tradesmen's bills, doctor Swift very gravely observed,

served, 'I think the Latin motto on lord
'S——'s coach may be literally rendered,
'*Better known than trusted.*'

Doctor Delany having this motto on
his coach;

'*Nam avos at proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco.*'

'*For to boast of birth, and matters in which we have
no merit, I scarce can call such things mine.*'

Swift seeing it, wrote under it,

'*By this grave motto be it known,
Delany's coach is not his own.*'

One Richard Middleton, a soldier, attending divine service with the rest of the regiment, in a church in Glasgow, instead of pulling out a Bible, like his brother soldiers, to find the parson's text, spread a pack of cards before him. This singular behaviour did not long pass unnoticed both by the clergyman and the serjeant of
the

the company to which he belonged. The latter, in particular, commanded him to put up the cards; and, on his refusal, conducted him, after church, before the mayor, to whom he preferred a formal complaint of Richard's indecent behaviour during divine service. 'Well, soldier,' said the mayor; 'what excuse have you to offer for this strange, scandalous behaviour? If you can make any apology, or assign any reason for it, 'tis well; if you cannot, assure yourself that I will cause you to be severely punished for it.' 'Since your honour is so good,' replied Richard, 'as to permit me to speak for myself; an't please your worship, I have been eight days upon the march, with a bare allowance of sixpence a day, which your honour will surely allow is hardly sufficient to maintain a man in meat, drink, washing, and other necessaries; and consequently that he may want, without a Bible, Prayer-book, or any other

'other good book.' On saying this,
 Richard drew out his pack of cards, and,
 presenting one of the aces to the mayor,
 continued his address to the magistrate, as
 follows: 'When I see an ace,' may it
 please your honour, 'it reminds me, that
 'there is only one God; and, when I look
 'upon a two, or a three, the former puts
 'me in mind of the Father and Son; the
 'latter, of the Father, Son, and Holy
 'Ghost; a four calls to my remembrance
 'the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark,
 'Luke, and John; a five, the five wise
 'virgins, who were ordered to trim their
 'lamps (there were ten, indeed; but five,
 'your worship may remember, were wise,
 'and five were foolish); a six, that in six
 'days God created Heaven and earth; a
 'seven, that on the seventh day he rested
 'from all that he had made; an eight, of
 'the eight righteous persons preserved
 'from the deluge, viz. Noah and his wife,
 'with his three sons, and their wives; a
 'nine,

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' nine, of the lepers cleansed by our Savi-
 ' our (there were ten, but one only return-
 ' ed to offer his tribute of thanks); and
 ' a ten, of the ten commandments.
 ' Richard then took the knave, placed
 ' it beside him, and passed on to the queen;
 ' on which he observed as follows: This
 ' queen reminds me of the queen of She-
 ' ba, who came from the uttermost parts
 ' of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solo-
 ' mon; as her companion, the king, does
 ' of the great King of Heaven, and of
 ' king George the Third.' ' Well,' return-
 ' ed the mayor, ' you have given me a very
 ' good description of all the cards, except
 ' the knave.' ' If your honour will not
 ' be angry with me,' returned Richard, ' I
 ' can give you the same satisfaction on that,
 ' as any in the pack.' ' No : ' said the
 ' mayor. ' Well,' returned the soldier,
 ' the greatest knave I know, is the fer-
 ' jeant, who brought me before you.' ' I
 ' don't know,' replied the mayor, ' whe-
 ' ther

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‘ther he be the greatest knave or no, but
 ‘I am sure he is the greatest fool.’ The
 soldier then continued as follows: ‘When
 ‘I count the number of dots in a pack of
 ‘cards, there are three hundred and sixty-
 ‘five, so many days are there in a year;
 ‘when I count how many cards are in a
 ‘pack, I find fifty-two, so many weeks
 ‘are there in a year; when I reckon
 ‘how many tricks are won by a pack, I
 ‘find there are thirteen, so many months
 ‘are there in a year: so that this pack of
 ‘cards is both Bible, Almanack, and
 ‘Prayer-book to me.’

Felix Peretti (afterwards Pope Sixtus V.) having been appointed procurator of a Franciscan convent at Florence, left that place abruptly, on account of some disputes with his general, who sent to all the convents of the Franciscans, betwixt there and Rome, to apprehend and confine him as a deserter. Felix suspecting it, took
 another

another route, and avoided all the houses of that order. In this expedition, he arrived one evening at a convent of Augustines, of which Father Salviati, a young man, very civil and obliging in his behaviour, was the prior. Though Felix thought fit to conceal the rank he held in his order from him, he, nevertheless, received him very hospitably; and, as the chamber where strangers usually lodged at that time, happened to be out of repair, he gave him part of his own bed. When Peretti took his leave in the morning, either because he wanted money, or to make a trial of his friendship, he requested the loan of four crowns, which he promised to pay again in a short time. Salviati readily complied with the request, and took his note, which he had wrote in a different hand from what he commonly used, and signed with a sham name. The Augustine, having waited a long time without hearing any thing from his debtor, asked some of the

Francis-

Franciscans if they knew such-a-one of their order, calling him by the name which he had subscribed to the note; but could not get any intelligence of him, there being no religious of that name, that he could find, amongst the Franciscans. Felix, when chosen pope, meeting with an account of this adventure in his journal (which he called his *Memento Vivorum*), ordered the general of the Augustines to send for Father Salviati, if he was yet alive, for he wanted to see and speak to him. This religious being engaged, at that time, in a quarrel with his bishop, about some trifling matter (as is often the case betwixt bishops and regulars), the bishop complained of him to the congregation of cardinals that is appointed to adjust such disputes; and the general imagined his holiness had sent for Salviati to reprimand, or, perhaps, to punish him for contumacy: he was confirmed in his opinion, by the grave, or rather angry manner

manner in which the pope delivered him the order; and, thinking it would please the pope, delivered him into the hands of four monks, to be guarded by them all the way; who were as lordly, and kept as strict watch over him, as if they had been so many archers. The bishop, hearing of the manner in which Salviati was conducted to Rome, began to triumph exceedingly, as he thought it was in consequence of the complaint he had made against him by the cardinals to the pope, who, he did not question, would handle him with his usual severity; and could not help saying to his chapter, in the gaiety of his heart, 'I'm mightily glad I have found a way to curb the insolence of this Augustine: we must do these things sometimes to humble such people, and teach them to behave with proper respect to their bishop. Salviati thought himself ruined: all his friends advised him to wait upon the bishop, and make a submission to him, to see
if

if it was possible to soften him that way, but the monks that were sent to attend him, were so officious, they would not give him time to do this. When he arrived at Rome, he was carried directly to the pope, by his general, who, being ordered to withdraw, left him alone with his holiness. Poor Salviati trembled so that he could hardly speak, and began to make apologies and excuses for his behaviour to the bishop, as he could not possibly think of any other reason why he was sent for. Sixtus, who knew nothing at all of this difference, pretended to be acquainted with it, and said, ‘ You are highly to be blamed
 ‘ for behaving in that disrespectful manner to your bishop, who is a prelate of
 ‘ great worth; but this is not the reason of
 ‘ Our sending for you at present: you are
 ‘ accused of embezzling the goods and revenue of your convent, which We shall
 ‘ call you to an account for; but, first, We
 ‘ are willing to hear what you have to say
 ‘ for

‘for yourself.’ Salviati took a little courage, when he found he was sent for upon an affair which would prove much to his honour if it came to be examined into, as he had considerably augmented the state of the convent, by his good management and œconomy: and said, in a very humble manner, He would willingly submit to any punishment his holiness thought proper to inflict upon him, if he was found guilty of what he charged him with. Sixtus replied, in a stern manner, ‘Take care
 ‘what you say: We have proof sufficient
 ‘to convict you. Is it not true, that when
 ‘you was prior of an Augustine convent,
 ‘in the year 1564, a religious of the
 ‘Franciscan order lodged with you one
 ‘night, and borrowed four crowns when
 ‘he went away the next morning, which
 ‘he never paid you again? Now, We de-
 ‘fire to know, what right you had to dis-
 ‘pose of your convent’s money in that
 ‘manner?’ Salviati, recollected the thing,

but did not in the least dream that Sixtus was the person he had formerly lent the money to, ventured to say, 'It is very true, most holy father; and I should have lent him more, if he had asked me, for he seemed to be an honest man, but he proved a knave and a rascal, and gave me a note with a sham name to it; and, notwithstanding I have made all possible enquiries, I have never been able to hear any thing of him.' The pope could not forbear smiling, and said, 'You need not be at any further trouble in your enquiries; for, take my word for it, you will never be able to find him; but he has ordered Us to pay the debt, and to return you his thanks. Are you content to take Us for your debtor?' Salviati, upon this, began to think he remembered something of his face, and to suspect he was the very man; so that the pleasure he received from what the pope said last, was much abated by the fear he was in, of hav-

ing

ing provoked him by the harsh names of knave and rascal. Sextus, who easily perceived, from outward appearances, how violently he was agitated within, and was impatient to acknowledge the favours he had received from him, put an end to his pain, by saying; 'It is high time to shew
' Our gratitude: We are the person you was
' so kind to; and, as you received Us hos-
' pitably in your convent, it is but just We
' should entertain you in the same manner.'
And calling for cardinal Montalto (his nephew) he ordered him to appoint Salviati an apartment in his palace, and to entertain him at his table, till he found some way of providing for him. The general of the Augustines, who waited to see the issue of this interview, was very well pleased to find it so different from what he expected; and went with Salviati to wait upon cardinal Montalto, who treated them with much courtesy and complaisance. But it is scarce possible to express the astonishment

of the bishop, when he was informed by a friend (whom he had desired to send an account of the proceedings against Salviati), that, instead of being punished for his insolence, as he expected, he had an apartment assigned him in the Vatican, and was entertained by his holiness like one of his relations. During the space of a month or more that he staid at Rome, the pope sent for him several times, to examine his capacity, and find out what sort of preferment would please him best. He at first designed to have made him a general of his order, and the general a bishop; but, as he perceived he was desirous of leaving the regulars, he gave him a considerable bishoprick that happened to be vacant at that time. This promotion, which was a sufficient recompence, and much greater than he could expect, was highly agreeable to Salviati, an honour to his order, a heart-breaking to his adversary to see him upon equal footing with himself, a surprize

CURIOUS ANECDOTES. 75

to all the world, and gave Pasquin occasion to say, 'That bishopricks were now
'sold for four crowns a-piece.'

It is reported of that witty and pleasant monarch king Charles II. that he did once, of his own royal authority, upon the spot, and without consulting his ministers, venture to bestow so important a place as the government of an island. We are not certain whether this was under the famous Cabal (of Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale), or at any other period of his reign; but, if the former, it was certainly a bold stroke for a prince, who had so little interest in the disposal of places. The government was that of Duck Island, lately in St. James's Park, given to the celebrated Mons. St. Evremont. That ingenious and learned refugee being somewhat distressed in the place of his exile, had solicited several of the ministers for a taste of the royal bounty.

ty. They often promised him in due form, and as often disappointed him. St. Evremont, suspecting that they had not used their whole interest, took an occasion to speak in his own behalf. As his person, as well as writings, were known to the king, he threw himself at his majesty's feet in the Park (where Charles used often to walk amidst a crowd of his acclaiming subjects), and most humbly returned him thanks for the place his royal goodness had appointed him to. The king, startled at such an address, while he was altogether unconscious of the cause of it, frankly declared, that he knew of no such appointment, nor had any application been made to him on the subject. 'Your majesty,' said St. Evremont, 'is great, in not remembering the instances of your benevolence. But, as my lord ——, and Sir John ——, who are both present, assured me that they had solicited my case, and I know your royal heart is

‘too good to deny bread to a man in my
 ‘circumstances, when he is powerfully re-
 ‘commended, I cannot doubt but they
 ‘have succeeded.’ ‘You shall succeed
 ‘yourself,’ replied the monarch, ‘though
 ‘they have deceived you, if you tell me
 ‘instantly what you want that is now in
 ‘my power to grant.’ ‘I love,’ added
 the Frenchman, ‘to feed the ducks here
 ‘in your majesty’s duckoy. Make me
 ‘governor of this island, with a small
 ‘pension. Though it be no place now in
 ‘being, your word can erect it into one.’
 The request was granted.

Swift, in his lunacy, had some intervals
 of sense, at which time his physicians took
 him out for the air. When they came to
 the Park, Swift remarked a new building
 which he had never seen, and asked What
 it was designed for? to which Dr. Kingf-
 bury answered, ‘That, Mr. Dean, is the
 ‘magazine for arms and powder, for the
 ‘security

28 CURIOUS ANECDOTES.

‘security of the city.’ ‘Oh! oh!’ says the dean, pulling out his pocket-book, ‘let me take an item of that. This is worth remarking; my tablets! as Hamlet says; my tablets! memory put down that.’ Which produced the following lines, being the last he ever wrote:

‘Behold! a proof of Irish sense!
 ‘Here Irish wit is seen,
 ‘When nothing’s left, that’s worth defence,
 ‘We build a magazine:’

and then put up his pocket-book, laughing heartily at the conceit, and clinching it with, ‘After the steed’s stolen, shut the stable-door;’ after which, he never said a sensible word, so that these lines may be said to have been the last speech, and dying words of his wit.

In the reign of king Charles II. when licentiousness was at its height in Britain, a yeomen of the guards refused the mistress
 of

of a king. This lady, who was dissatisfied with her noble lover, had fixed her eyes upon this man; and thought she had no more to do than speak her pleasure. He got out of her way: he refused to understand her; and, when she pressed him farther, he said, 'I am married.' The story reached the king, with all its circumstances: but they who expected an extravagant laugh upon the occasion were disappointed. He sent for the person: he found him a gentleman, though reduced to that mean station. 'And odds-fish, 'man', said the monarch, 'though I am 'not honest enough to be virtuous myself, 'I value them that are.' He gave him an appointment, and respected him for life.

Sir William Wyndham, when a very young man, had been out one day at a stag-hunt. In returning from the sport, he found several of the servants at his father's gate standing round a fortune-teller, who

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pretended, at least, to be deaf and dumb, and, for a small gratification, wrote on the bottom of a trencher, with a bit of chalk, answers to such questions as the men and maids put to him by the same methods. As Sir William rode by, the conjuror made signs that he was inclinable to tell his fortune, as well as the rest; and, in good-humour, he would have complied; but not readily finding a question to ask, the conjuror took the trencher, and, writing upon it, gave it back, with these words very legible, ‘Beware of a white horse.’ Sir William smiled at the absurdity of the man, and thought no more of it for several years. But in the year 1690, being on his travels in Italy, and accidentally at Venice, as he was passing one day through St. Mark’s Place in his calash, he observed a more than ordinary crowd at one corner of it. He desired his driver to stop, and they found it was occasioned by a mountebank, who also pretended

tended to tell fortunes; conveying his several predictions to the people by means of a long, narrow tube of tin, which he lengthened or curtailed at pleasure, as occasion required. Among others, Sir William Wyndham held up a piece of money; upon which the soothsayer immediately directed the tube to his carriage, and said to him very distinctly in Italian, Signior Inglese, cavete il bianco cavallo; which in English is, 'Mr. Englishman, beware of a white horse.' Sir William immediately recollected what had been before told him, and took it for granted, that the British fortune-teller had made his way over to the continent, where he had found his speech; and was curious to know the truth of it. However, upon enquiry, he was assured that the present fellow had never been out of Italy; nor did he understand any language but his mother-tongue. Sir William was surpris-
ed, and mentioned so whimsical a circum-

stance to several people. But, in a short time, this also went out of his head, like the former prediction of the same kind. We need inform few of our readers of the share which Sir William Wyndham had in the transactions of government during the last four years of queen Anne; in which a design to restore the son of James II. to that throne which his father had so justly forfeited, was undoubtedly concerted; and, on king George's arrival, punished, by forcing into banishment, or putting in prison, all the persons suspected to have entered into the combination: among the latter of these was Sir William Wyndham, who, in the year 1715, was committed prisoner to the Tower. Over the inner gate were the arms of Great-Britain, in which there was now some alterations to be made, in consequence of the succession of the house of Brunswick; and, just as Sir William's chariot was passing through to carry him

to his prison, the painter was at work, adding the white horse, the arms of the elector of Hanover. It struck Sir William forcibly : he immediately recollected the two singular predictions, and mentioned them to the lieutenant of the Tower, then in the chariot with him, and to almost every one who came to see him in his confinement ; and, though not superstitious, he always spoke of it as a prophecy fully accomplished. But here he was mistaken (if there was any thing prophetic in it) for, many years after, being out a hunting, he had the misfortune of being thrown from his saddle in leaping a ditch, by which accident he broke his neck. He rode upon a *white horse*.

Towards the close of the last century, lord Molesworth, who had formerly resided at Copenhagen, as ambassador from England, published his Account of Denmark ; a valuable little work, and as

such held in general esteem. On this occasion his lordship had, with the noble freedom of an Englishman, stigmatized the arbitrary government of Denmark. Piqued at what he termed the *insolence* of the author, the reigning monarch of that kingdom ordered his minister at the court of England to make a complaint of it to his well-beloved brother William III. "What would you that I should do?" said William, in answer to the remonstrance of the Dane: "Sire" replied the minister, "if your majesty had complained to the king, my master, of a similar offence, ere now he would have dispatched to you the author's head." "This," returned William, "I have neither the inclination nor the power to do: but, if you choose it, his lordship shall insert what you have just now mentioned to me in the second edition of his work."

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In the summer of the year 1718, bishop Hoadley, with doctor Samuel Clarke, and Sir Richard Steele, made a visit of some days at Blenheim-house by invitation; where they found the ladies and gentlemen of the family, and a few of the neighbourhood, had got up the tragedy of All for Love, to entertain the duke of Marlborough, who had shewn, before this, some symptoms of that paralytic disorder which impaired his senses, and at length terminated in a total decay, and his dissolution. Lady Bateman, one of his grace's granddaughters by the earl of Sunderland, who played the part of Cleopatra, had in vain applied to Sir Richard Steele for a prologue on that extraordinary occasion, and seemed chagrined at the disappointment. At night, when the family retired, the bishop desired pen, ink, and paper might be brought to his chamber; and the next morning at breakfast, presented an excellent prologue to lady Bateman, which she spoke

spoke the same evening with such grace and tender sensibility, as drew tears from the famous warrior, at the unexpected compliment from a favourite grand-child. In the course of the play, Sir Richard, who sat near to the bishop, often observed how well and feelingly captain Fishe performed the part of Anthony. [This gentleman, who had been the duke's page, had distinguished himself in the army, and died a lieutenant-colonel]. In one of the scenes, where Fishe was very sweet upon his Cleopatra, Sir Richard whispered the bishop, 'I doubt this Fishe is flesh, my lord.' At their going away, Sir Richard said to the bishop, 'Does your lordship give money to all these fellows in laced coats and ruffles?' 'No doubt,' replied the bishop. 'I have not enough,' said the knight; and when he passed by them in the hall, he accosted them in a speech, telling them, that he had found them men of taste, and, as such, invited them all to Drury-

Drury-lane theatre, to whatever play they should please to bespeak, he having then a share in the patent.

Lord Hervey was once very desirous of entering into a paper-war with Pope, in revenge for that poet's scurrilous and illiberal treatment of him. There is a letter of the bard in his works, addressed to a noble lord [lord Hervey], which is extremely pointed and severe, and is looked upon as one of the most elegant prose compositions. The peer was really a man of great sense and abilities, and, on that account only, had the honour of being called up to the house of lords in his father's life-time. This nobleman, telling bishop Hoadley, that if he had any genius it was for satire, the prelate desired his lordship to apply the following story: Will Pate going home pretty late, and pretty mellow, would needs quarrel with a night-man, who had given him a lash with

with his whip, and, running to the man's cart, began to pelt him. 'Oh! oh,' says the fellow, 'are you thereabout? That's my trade.' Lord Hervey replied immediately, he would have nothing to say to Pope.

When Philip III. king of Spain, sent his ambassador to treat with the States of Holland about their independency, he was shewn into an anti-chamber, where he waited to see the members of the States pass by. He stood for some time, and, seeing none but a parcel of plain-dressed men, with bundles in their hands (which, as many of them came from distant provinces, contained their linen and provisions), he turned to his interpreter, and asked him, When the States would come? The man replied, that those were the members whom he saw go by. Upon which, he wrote to the commander in chief of the Spanish army, to advise the king

his

his master to make peace as soon as possible: in his letter was this remarkable passage: 'I expected to have seen in the States a splendid appearance; but, instead of that, I saw only a parcel of plain-dressed men, with sensible faces, who came into council with provisions in their hands. Their parsimony will ruin the king my master in the course of the war, if it is continued; for there is no contending with people whose nobles can live upon a shilling a day, and will do every thing for the service of their country.' The king, struck with the account, agreed to treat with them as an independent state, and put an end to the war.

About two hundred years ago, the duty of the parish of Aberystwith, in Monmouthshire, was performed by a curate, called Sir Philip (for in the days of popery, all curates had that title of honour, as being the pope's knights). This gentleman,

man, as the clergy were then enjoined celibacy, lived by himself, a woman in the neighbourhood coming now and then to dress his victuals, and to do the necessary work of the house. He was not, however, totally without company, though not of the rational kind: a he-goat, that Sir Philip had brought up from a kid, followed him wherever he went, and at night lay in his chamber with him. When Sir Philip went to church, the he-goat followed his master, leaping over every stile before him. He was not, however, admitted into the church, but obliged to stay in the porch near the steeple, till the curate had performed his office. The goat was contented, as he was near enough to hear his master's voice; and, perhaps, understood the language as well as most of the audience, the service at that time being performed in Latin. It was then the custom of the people to go to the ale-house as soon as the church service was

over;

over; the curate sometimes accompanied them, attended by his he-goat, who used to lie down in some convenient place till his master retired, and then accompany him home. This was continued for a considerable time; till at last some of the company forced the goat (whether with or without his master's consent is not known) to drink so much ale as made him drunk, so that in passing over the bridge at his return, he fell into the river, which so intimidated him, that he would never more go into the alehouse, but wait at a sufficient distance, till his master came out, and then follow him home as usual. Thus we see, that the irrational part of the creation often give lessons of the last importance to man. The goat was careful never to repeat an act which he found attended with the utmost danger. But man, who boasts of his reason, repeats the destructive experiment, and visits again the place where liquor has rendered him less rational than

than the brute. Blush, ye drunkards, at your folly : learn wisdom from a goat and fly the vice which will inevitably sooner or later, prove your destruction. Examples are allowed to have more weight than precepts : the goat was sensible of his fault in going to the ale-house, and took care not to commit a second time : weigh the instance well, and let it never be said that man has less reason, or less fortitude than a goat.

The most celebrated wits of France, in the time of Lewis XIV. lived in the greatest unanimity and harmony, and, attracted by a mutual esteem for each other's merit, formed themselves into a friendly society, and oftener than once in a week had a common supper, when the pleasures of the table were the least part of the entertainment, and where the conversation, we doubt not, was far more worthy to be recorded than that of the seven wise

Greeks.

Greeks, related by Plutarch. Moliere, one of the gayest companions of this brilliant company, frequently entertained them at a villa he possessed on the banks of the Seine, near Paris: his worthy guests, in general, were too good judges of pleasure to let intoxication usurp the seat of wit and learning; though Bacchus was always admitted to enliven the spirit of the Muses. This agreeable party, consisting of Peter and Thomas Corneille, Racine, Chapelle, Moliere, Patrou, la Fontaine, la Bruyere, and several other respectable writers, being one evening at Moliere's country-house, the host, quite fatigued, was obliged to retire to rest, and leave his post to Chapelle. The wit, in order to increase the spirits of his company, pushed the champaigne briskly about, and intoxication unperceived stole in. They began to talk of morality, and consequently of the futility of the pleasures of this world; and came at last to this conclusion:

clusion: That the great object of human life should be, by some renowned action, to acquire immortal fame. From this observation, one of the company took occasion to say, ‘Gentlemen, this being the case, since life is so worthless, and fame so desirable, what can be more eligible, more noble, or more glorious, than, by shaking off this load of life, to acquire eternal renown? My advice therefore is, that we should all go together to the Seine, and there heroically plunge in; and thus dying in that unity with which we have lived, our names and our friendship will be celebrated by all posterity.’ The vapours of the wine had so far heated their imaginations, and clouded their judgments, that this extravagant proposition appeared highly rational. They prepared, therefore, with great solemnity, to offer this sacrifice to fame. A poor old servant, who was perfectly sober, understanding their design, ran and awaked his master.

master. Moliere presently appeared among them, was immediately acquainted with their intention, and invited to partake of immortality. He thought it would not be prudent to oppose their design directly; but said, 'My dear friends, I approve your design extremely, and am very ready to enjoy so glorious a death; but by no means at this time; for posterity may insinuate, by its being performed at so late an hour, that it was not the effect of philosophy, but inebriety; and so important an action should be free even from a possibility of reflection: the only wise step, therefore, to be taken is, that every one repair to his own bed; and that we assemble early in the morning, and then, with the coolness and serenity becoming true philosophers, carry this design into execution.' This proposal met with universal approbation, and every one, except Moliere, retired contentedly to bed. The next morning, when these

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great men had recovered the use of their reason, they shuddered at that rashness which, a few hours before, had appeared so glorious; and acknowledged, that the only road to real fame was, to exert their abilities in the service of literature, instead of rendering their memories detestable by an unthinking and useless act of suicide.

The late colonel Daniel, who took great pleasure in giving advice to young officers, guiding them in their military functions, the management of their pay, &c. whenever he was upon the article gaming, he used always to tell the following story of himself, as a warning to others, and to shew, that a little resolution may conquer this fatal passion: In queen Anne's wars, he was an ensign in the English army then in Spain: but he was so absolutely possessed with this evil, that all duty, and every thing else that prevented his gratifying his darling passion, was to him most grievous;

ous: he scarce allowed himself time for rest; or, if he slept, his dreams presented packs of cards to his eyes, and the rattling of dice to his ears: his meals were neglected; or, if he attended them, he looked upon that as so much lost time, and swallowed his meal with precipitance, and hurried to the dear gaming-table again. In one word, he was a professed gamester. For some time, fortune was his friend: and he was so successful, that he has often spread his winnings on the ground, and rolled himself on them, in order that it might be said of him, 'He wallowed in gold.' Such was his life for a considerable time; but, as he hath often said, and we dare say every considerate man will join with him, it was the most miserable part of it. After some time, he was ordered on a recruiting duty, and at Barcelona he raised one hundred and fifty recruits for the regiment; though this was left entirely to his serjeant, that he might be more at lei-

sure to indulge his favourite passion. After some changes of good and ill luck, the fickle goddess declared so openly against him, that, in one unlucky run, he was totally stripped of the last farthing. In this distress, he applied to a captain of the same regiment with himself for a loan of ten guineas; which was refused, with this speech: ‘What, lend my money to a professed gamester! No, Sir, I must be excused: for of necessity I must lose either my money or my friend: I therefore choose to keep my money.’ With this taunting refusal, he retired to his lodging, where he threw himself on the bed, to lay himself and his sorrows to a momentary rest, during the heat of the day. A bug, gnat, or some such vermin, happening to bite him, he awoke, when his melancholy situation immediately presented itself to him. Without money, and no prospect how to get any to subsist himself, and his recruits to the regiment, then at a
great

great distance from him; and should they desert for want of their pay, he must be answerable for it; and he could expect nothing but cashiering for disappointing the queen's service. He had no friend! for him whom he had esteemed so, had not only refused to lend him money, but had added taunts to his refusal. He had not an acquaintance there; and strangers, he knew, would not let him have so large a sum as was answerable to his real necessity. This naturally led him to reflect seriously on what had induced him to commence gamester; and this, he perceived, was idleness. He had now found the cause, but the cure was still wanting: how was that to be effected so as to prevent a relapse? Something must be done, some method must be pursued, so effectually to employ his time as to prevent his having any to throw away at gaming. It then occurred to him, that the adjutantcy of the regiment was to be disposed of, and this he determined to

purchase, as a post the most likely to find him a sufficient and laudable way of passing his time. He had letters of credit to draw for what sum he pleased, for his promotion in the army, but not to throw away idly, or to encourage his extravagancy. This was well: but the main difficulty remained, and he must get to the regiment before he could take any steps towards the intended purchase, or draw for the sum to make it with. While he was endeavouring to fall upon some expedient to extricate himself out of this dilemma, his friend, who had refused him in the morning, came to pay him a visit. After a very cool reception on the colonel's side, the other began by asking him, What steps he intended to take to relieve himself from the anxiety he plainly saw he was in? The colonel then told him all that he had thought upon that head, and the resolution he had made of purchasing the adjutantcy as soon as he could join the regiment.

regiment. His friend then getting up, and embracing him, said, 'My dear Daniel, 'I refused you in the morning, in that 'abrupt manner, in order to bring you to 'a sense of the dangerous situation you 'were in, and to make you reflect seriously on the folly of the way of life you had 'got into. I heartily rejoice that it has 'the desired effect. Pursue the laudable 'resolution you have made; for, be assured, that idleness and gaming are the ruin 'of youth. My interest, advice, and 'purse, are now at your command: 'there, take it, and please yourself with 'what are necessary to subsist yourself and 'recruits to the regiment.' This presently brought the colonel off the bed; and this afternoon's behaviour intirely obliterated the harshness of his friend's morning refusal: he now viewed him in the agreeable light of a sincere friend, and for ever after esteemed, and found him such. In short, the colonel set out with his recruits

for the regiment, where he gained great applaufe for his fuccefs, which, as well as his commiffion, he had well nigh loft by one morning's folly: he immediately foli-cited for, and purchafed, the adjutantcy; and, from that day forward, never touched cards or dice, but as they ought to be ufed, merely for diversion, or to unbend the mind after too clofe an attention to ferious affairs.

An envoy from Auguftus, king of Poland, to czar Peter being on his return to Drefden, by the way of Courland, happened to fee a poor man, who feemed in great diftreff, infulted by fome people at the inn where he ftopped; to whom the injured ftranger faid, That they would not treat him thus, if he could gain admiffion to the czar, and that he had more powerful protectors at court than they might poffibly imagine. On hearing this, the envoy had the curiofity to afk the man
some

some questions; from the answers to which, and on considering his features attentively, wherein he discovered a resemblance to the empress, he conceived this unfortunate person might be her relation. After his return to Dresden, he wrote an account of the adventure, and his suspicions, to a friend at Petersburg, who found means to get the letter shewn to the czar. On this, orders were immediately dispatched to prince Repnin, governor of Riga, to make search after the man described in the letter, which was accordingly done by an intelligent person, sent by prince Repnin to Mittau for that purpose. On examining him, he said his name was Charles Scavronski, and that he was the son of a gentleman of Lithuania, who died during the wars in Poland, and left two children, a boy and a girl in the cradle; that neither of them had any other education than could be had in that general state of desolation, in which every thing was

abandoned. Scavronski parted from his sister in his infancy, knew nothing more of her, than she was taken prisoner at Marienburg, in 1704, and imagined she might be still with prince Menzikoff, with whom she might make her fortune. Prince Repnin, pursuant to the orders of the czar, caused Scavronski to be brought to Riga, under pretence of his being a criminal: a kind of information was made out against him, and he was sent under a guard to Peterburgh, with orders that he should be well treated during the journey. On his arrival at Peterburgh, he was conducted to the house of an officer called Shepleff; who, being instructed in the part he was to act, drew from the prisoner such information as he wanted, about his former circumstances and condition; telling him, at the same time, that the accusation laid against him at Riga was a very serious affair; that he would do well to present a petition to his majesty, and he would

would himself take care he should have an opportunity of delivering it. The next day the czar came to dine with Shepleff, when Scavronski was presented to him. The monarch asked him several questions; and was convinced, by the ingenuousness of his replies, that he was really the brother of the czarina. Both had been in Livonia during their infancy; and the answers made by Scavronski to the questions put to him by the czar, were intirely conformable to what his wife had told him of her birth and misfortunes. The czar, not doubting the truth, proposed, therefore, next day, to the empress, to go and dine with Shepleff; where, after dinner, he ordered the same person to be brought before him, who was examined the day before. He was introduced accordingly, in the same travelling garb in which he came to Petersburg: the Czar desired he should appear in the condition to which his ill-fortune had accustomed

him. He interrogated him again as before; and, after his examination, addressed the czarina, and said, 'This man is your brother;' then turning to the prisoner, 'Come Charles,' said he, 'kiss the hand of the empress, and embrace your sister.' The empress fainted away at the surprize, and when she recovered herself, the czar said, 'What is there strange in all this? This gentleman is my brother-in-law: if he hath merit We will do something for him; if he hath not, We will do nothing.' Scavronski was soon after created a count, and married a young lady of quality, and had two daughters, who were afterwards married to noblemen of the first rank in Russia.

The late bishop of Cork, a great virtuoso, and a learned and hospitable man, whenever he saw a stranger at church, who bore the appearance of a gentleman, used to invite him home to dinner. There

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happened a regiment to be quartered in Cork, several of whom were Scotch. An English officer, who was extremely fond of a jest, asked the North-British commander to go to church with him one Sunday morning, well knowing the bishop would invite them both. They accordingly went; and, as they came out, the bishop, who knew the English gentleman, sent his compliments to him, and if he and his friend were not engaged, should be glad of their company to dinner. The Englishman pressed the other to go, though he made several objections; at last he prevailed, by telling him the bishop was a person of great interest, and might be very serviceable to him. When they arrived within a quarter of a mile of the house, 'Gads fo!' said the Englishman, 'I forgot to ask you one very material question, and that is, Whether you have your catechism by heart? for it is his lordship's custom, after dinner, to exa-

‘ mine the company round.’ ‘ Deel rive
 ‘ my foul,’ quoth he, ‘ gin I ken a word
 ‘ on’t.’ ‘ Well, well,’ returned his friend,
 ‘ he always begins with the greatest
 ‘ stranger, and if you can answer the first
 ‘ question, it will hardly come to your
 ‘ turn again.’ Upon examining the Prayer-
 book, he found it was only to tell his
 Christian name; but, to make sure work
 of it, he got the second also, and was con-
 ning it also in his mind till they arrived at
 the house, where his lordship received
 them with all imaginable politeness, shew-
 ing them his study, his cabinet of curio-
 sities, his gardens, improvements, and,
 in short, every thing that could manifest
 his own judgment, and give them pleasure.
 At length the bell rung for dinner; and
 after it was over, the ladies retired, and
 bottles and glasses were placed on the table.
 The bishop, who had a mind to drink the
 stranger’s health, said, ‘ Captain, may I
 ‘ crave your name?’ The Scotsman in-
 stantly

stantly stood up, and answered, ' William, ' my lord ;' and, without giving the bishop time to say any more, ran on with ' my ' godfathers and my godmothers, in my ' baptism, wherein I was made a member ' of Chreest, the cheeld of Gode, and an ' inheritor of the kingdom of Heaven, &c.' The bishop, who had not a grain of fanaticism in him, stood amazed, and said, ' Sir, I hope you think I'm too much of ' a gentleman to catechise any one at my ' own table.' The Englishman, and the rest of the company, laughed immoderately, which completely put the captain out of countenance. The other, who was known to be a wag, honestly owned he had done it for a joke ; but the Scot told him he had forgot the motto of the thistle, when he attempted to play upon him : however, there was no more said about it ; the evening was spent with great harmony, and the two officers went home together. But the Scotchman was so far from forgiving his

his acquaintance, that he challenged him to fight the next day, in spite of all the concessions a man of honour could make, and terminated his revenge by running him through the body, of which he died, leaving a distressed family behind him.

In Leopold's (late duke of Lorrain) army, was a general officer, a Milanese, the marquis of —, who had married a lady of his own country. The husband and the wife were much esteemed and distinguished; he, for his conduct in the field, and his understanding in the cabinet; she, for her beauty, her virtue, and her prudence. The perpetual wars of duke Leopold frequently called the husband to a considerable distance, and left the wife near the person of her sovereign, fully exposed to all his attempts and solicitations. She resisted them with true female heroism. They were repeated in various shapes, in presents, in sighs, in entertainments,

CURIOUS ANECDOTES. III

ments, and in adoration. They were continued in perseverance of several years. At length, the lady entertained within herself some sensations in his favour. Her virtue was alarmed at the discovery: her fears were awakened. Conscience and honour prepared themselves to fight against love, pleasure, and ambition. Lest the combat might prove unequal, she thus addressed herself to her husband: ‘ You have been,’ said she ‘ most constantly and most faithfully informed by me of the duke of Lorrain’s courtship. I have not concealed from you a single circumstance of its progress. Your fortune and your interest made me suffer it. I sustained his addresses with resistance: I repulsed his ardour with disdain. That time is now no more. I can no longer look upon my royal master with indifference. He lays riches, honours, and power at my feet. Vanity and ambition, not to mention desire, tempt me to stoop, and

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‘ and seize the proffered treasures. As
 ‘ yet, I am innocent: as yet, I am worthy
 ‘ of being your wife. But that innocence
 ‘ stands tottering on the brink of a pre-
 ‘ cipice. On my knees I beg you to de-
 ‘ liver me from the horrid dangers that
 ‘ surround me. Save me, ere I fall. Let
 ‘ us fly to Milan: let us take refuge in
 ‘ our own native country. My soul, in
 ‘ spite of all temptation, still prefers po-
 ‘ verty with innocence, to opulence with
 ‘ guilt. Let us go instantly, and live with-
 ‘ in the bounds of our own little fortune
 ‘ in the Milanese: let us at once break
 ‘ loose from the dangers of a luxurious
 ‘ court: let us seek the happiness arising
 ‘ from true love, and taste the joys of
 ‘ uninterrupted affection,’ The marquis,
 who had attentively listened to the noble
 confession of his wife, embraced the mar-
 chioness with tenderness and tears, declar-
 ing, that he thought her equal, if not
 superior, to the most virtuous and the
 most

most prudent of her sex. He concurred with her in thinking, that an immediate flight was necessary. In a few hours after this remarkable scene had passed, they quitted the court of Lorrain with the utmost secrecy, and soon reached their own estate in Milan, where they resided during the remainder of their lives. Leopold was in the same situation as Henry IV. at the sudden departure of the prince and princess of Condé. He was struck with the utmost anguish and astonishment at the loss of a charming mistress, whom he imagined he had almost conquered. To banish melancholy, and to solace himself under this disappointment, Leopold retired into the country, and sought relief from rural diversions. He rose early, for he slept little: shooting and hunting were his daily exercise. The nights were passed in gloomy remembrance of the marchioness. One morning as he was in pursuit of his game, he accidentally met a girl,
about

about fifteen years of age, watching in a field a large drove of turkies. The sun had not injured her complexion : she was fair as Venus : she had in her countenance the bloom of health, the sprightliness of youth, and the blush of innocence. Such an object at once effaced the virtuous Milanese. The duke of Lorraine made immediate inquiries after his new Dulcinea. He received information, that her birth was noble ; but that the poverty of her father was so great, that he was obliged to employ his own children to look after his poultry, by the sale of which he procured great part of his subsistence. This circumstance gave immediate hopes to the duke's desires. He invited the impoverished nobleman to court : he loaded him with honours and preferments. His highness desired, or rather commanded, him immediately to bring his family, and settle himself with them at Nancy. The royal orders were obeyed. Leopold was
happy

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happy in the compliance of his new mistress; who only insisted on a husband to screen the honour of her father's house. On such occasions, husbands are seldom difficult to be found. A young officer of high birth, the prince de Craon, was chosen for her consort: he received her with all the ardour of love, and with an implicit obedience to his master's commands. This obedience made his fortune. The prince and princess de Craon shone with the utmost splendor that the court of Lorraine could produce. She was agreeable to the highest point of admiration. She was expensive to the highest point of excess. Less endued with sense than adorned with beauty, she was inconsiderate and profuse. Not absolutely without judgment, she was generous and good-natured. Her thoughts (if she ever thought) were employed on her own person. She bore seventeen children; yet by incessant care of her health, and by the strictest attention to

to the preservation of her beauty, on which her whole power depended, she preserved the freshness of her complexion, and the fineness of her shape, not only during the duke of Lorrain's life, but to the day of her own death, many years afterwards. Though she had an absolute ascendant over the duke's mind, and could turn and dispose his resolutions as she pleased, she never made an ill use of her power: on the contrary, she delighted in doing beneficent actions, in obliging the nobility, in paying a profound duty and respect to the duchess of Lorrain. Alas! in one instance, she wanted virtue; in all others she had it in the greatest perfection. Her husband was of the same disposition. Both were humane, liberal, easy, polite, and condescending; so that, after the death of Leopold, when the late emperor exchanged Lorrain for Tuscany, in 1737, he appointed the prince de Craon sole regent of his Etrurian territories. Here the princess

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de Craon began a second reign of splendor. Accustomed to magnificence, and born to be near, though not to fill, a throne, her actions were such as became royalty and imperial power. They were, at the same time, accompanied by so disinterested a generosity, and such an engaging sweetness, that she attracted the love of the Tuscans to the highest degree. She soothed the pride of the Florentine nobility, but never departed from her own exaltation, as the regent's wife. Her court was crowded by noble ladies, who felt no envy, though they beheld superiority. In her countenance appeared neither the marks of age, nor the least traces of haughtiness: her friendships were not particular, but universal: she was in Tuscany, as in Lorrain, beloved and esteemed by the women, admired and revered by the men. The excellent disposition of her husband was no less engaging. He was the soldier and the courtier, but not the man

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man of business: he wanted the talents essential to a minister of state: he was embarrassed and overburdened by his dignity: he could face dangers in the field, but could not withstand attacks in the cabinet: he knew how to command an army, but could not guide a commonwealth: he soon became conscious of his own defects, and hourly began to find the want of an assistant: he recollected the abilities of Monsieur de Richecourt, who was the son of a Lorraine advocate, and who had also been bred to the law: he fixed upon this man for his coadjutor; and, in a letter to the emperor, in which he acknowledged his own incapacity, he earnestly intreated that his friend Richecourt might be sent to Florence, with full and adequate power with himself in the government of Tuscany, but without any particular denomination, or title. The request was granted; and, when the prince de Craon found himself indulged in it, he

he acquainted the princess his wife with what he had done. 'You have ruined us 'then,' exclaimed the princess, with some emotion: 'I know Richecourt: I know 'his ambition: I know his cunning. 'While you were his superior, he was 'your friend: when he becomes your 'equal, he will be your enemy. Many 'months will not pass, after his arrival, 'ere we are little better than his slaves.'

Richecourt arrived, and the prediction of the princess was fulfilled. By a superiority of genius, and an address more adapted to manage and turn the weighty and intricate wheels of government, the aspiring count Richecourt arose to the highest eminence of authority, in the same degree that the lost prince de Craon sunk into disregard and contempt. Unable to support daily insults, the natural consequence of so abject a situation, the prince desired to be recalled, and be permitted to end his days in Lorrain. The emperor allowed him

to return, and resolved to change the single regency into a triumvirate council of state. The prince de Craon had contracted great debts in Tuscany: he had lived far beyond his income. Before he could quit the Florentine dominions, he was obliged to sell his plate, and the jewels of the princess his wife. Old and poor, the melancholy pair returned to Lorraine. He died a few months after his arrival: she survived him but a few years.

M. de Luines was prime minister and absolute favourite to Lewis XIII. An ambassador from England [Sir Edward Herbert] behaved very nobly to the haughty Luines. Sir Edward was instructed to mediate a peace for the protestants in France. De'Luines haughtily asked him, 'What the king of England had to do in that affair?' The ambassador replied. 'It is not to you, to whom the king my master [James I.] owes an

' account of his actions, and for me, it is
 ' enough that I obey him : in the mean
 ' time, I must maintain, that my master
 ' hath more reason to do what he doth,
 ' than you to ask me why he doth it.
 ' Nevertheless, if you civilly desire me, I
 ' shall acquaint you further.' Upon this,
 Luines, bowing a little, said, ' Very well.'
 The ambassador answered, That it was
 not on this occasion only, that the king
 of Gr at Britain had desired the peace
 and prosperity of France, but upon all
 other occasions, whenever any war was
 raised in that country; and this was his
 first reason: the second was, That a
 peace being settled in his own dominions,
 the king of France might be better dis-
 posed and able to assist the Palatinate in
 the present broils of Germany.' De
 Luines said, ' We will have none of
 ' your advices.' The ambassador replied,
 That he took that for an answer, and was
 sorry only, that the amicable interposi-

tion of his master was not duly understood; but, that since it was so abruptly rejected, he could do no less than say, That the king his master knew well enough what to do. De Luines answered, 'We are not afraid of you.' The ambassador, smiling a little, replied, 'If you had said, you had not loved us, I should have believed you, and given you another answer; in the meantime, all that I will tell you more, is, That we know very well what we have to do.' De Luines, upon this, starting from his chair, said, in a great ferment, 'By G-d, if you were not Monsieur the ambassador, I know very well how I would use you.' Sir Edward Herbert also rising from his chair, said, That as he was the king of Great Britain's ambassador, so he was also a gentleman, and that his sword (on which he clapped his hand) should give him satisfaction, if he was pleased to take any offence. After which,

which, De Luines making no reply, the ambassador went towards the door, and Luines seeming to accompany him. Sir Edward said, That after such language, there was no occasion to use such ceremony; and so departed, expecting to hear further from him. The ambassador had afterwards a gracious audience of the king; after which, a court lord telling him, That, having offended the constable De Luines, he was not in a place of safety, he gallantly answered, That he thought himself to be in a place of safety wheresoever he had his sword by him. The vindictive De Luines procured his brother, with a train of officers (of whom there was not one, as he told king James, but had killed his man) to go as ambassador extraordinary to England; who so misrepresented the affair, that Sir Edward was recalled; but, upon his return, he cleared up the affair with honour, and fell on his knees to the king, requesting that

a trumpeter, if not an herald, might be sent to De Luines from him, with an accusation of falsity, and a challenge for satisfaction; but that prince, being of a pacific disposition, made answer, That he would think upon it. However, De Luines dying soon after, Sir Edward was again sent ambassador to France.

When the duke of Nivernois was ambassador in England, he was going down to lord Townshend's seat in Norfolk, on a private visit, quite dishabille, and with only one servant, when he was obliged, from a very heavy shower of rain, to stop at a farm-house in the way. The master of this house was a clergyman, who, to a poor curacy, added the care of a few scholars in the neighbourhood, which, in all, might make his living about eighty pounds a year, and which was all he had to maintain a wife and six children. When the duke alighted, the clergyman, not know-
ing

ing his rank, begged him to come in, and dry himself, which the other accepted, by borrowing a pair of old worsted stockings and slippers of him, and otherwise warming himself by a good fire. After some conversation, the duke observed an old chess-board hanging up, and as he was passionately fond of that game, he asked the clergyman, Whether he could play? The other told him he could, pretty tolerably, but found it very difficult, in that part of the country, to get an antagonist. 'I am your man : ' says the duke. ' With ' all my heart ; ' says the parson : ' and, if ' you will stay and eat pot-luck, I will try ' if I cannot beat you.' The day still continuing to rain, the duke accepted his offer, when the parson played so much better, that he won every game. This was so far from fretting the duke, that he was highly pleased to meet a man who could give him such entertainment at his favorite game. He accordingly enquired into

the state of his family affairs, and, just making a memorandum of his address, without discovering his title, thanked him, and so took his leave. Some months passed over without ever the clergyman's thinking a word about the matter, when one evening, a footman, in a laced livery, rode up to the door, and presented him with the following billet: 'The duke
 ' of Nivernois' compliments wait on the
 ' Rev. Mr. —; and, as a remembrance
 ' for the good drubbing he gave him at
 ' chess, and the hospitality he shewed him
 ' on such a day, begs that he will accept of
 ' the living of —, worth four hundred
 ' pounds per year, and that he will wait
 ' on his grace the duke of Newcastle, on
 ' Friday next, to thank him for the same.'

The poor parson was for some time before he could imagine it any thing more than a jest, and was for not going, but his wife insisting on his trying, he came up to town, and found the contents literally true.

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The following anecdote, related of that steady republican, Sir Henry Vane, is a generous instance of disinterested virtue not to be met with in the history of monarchy from the time of the conquest to this day. The fees of his office, as treasurer of the navy, though but four pence in the pound, by reason of the Dutch war, amounted to thirty-thousand pounds per annum. Of this circumstance he had the magnanimity to acquaint the parliament; and observing that such profit was a shameful robbery of the public, offered to give up his patent, which he had obtained for life from Charles I. and to accept in lieu, for an agent he had bred up to the business, a salary of two thousand pounds a year. The parliament readily assented to the proposal; and, as a reward for his public virtue, settled on Sir Henry Vane the yearly value of twelve hundred pounds.

An old Dutch burgomaster of the city of Groeningen, a man of a respectable character, and an elder of the church, having married a daughter much to his satisfaction, was prevailed on, by the opportunity of some ladies at the wedding-feast, to dance a minuet with one of them. This getting air, three or four ministers of the town, who had a pique against this old gentleman, and who, it is said, were further exasperated at the not being invited to the wedding, laid their wise heads together to plan out a scheme of vengeance. With this view, they searched the ecclesiastical code of the province, and found an old law of the year 1580, whereby it was enacted, That in case any elder of the church should, on any occasion whatever, presume to dance, he should, after full proof of the fact, be deposed from his office; be excommunicated, and rendered incapable of ever resuming his ecclesiastical function. Elated with their success in
having

having met with such a convenient weapon, they were resolved it should not lie useless. They immediately notified their success and their intentions to their party. They then convened a consistory, in which they declaimed, with great vehemence, upon the aggravated sin the burgomaster had committed, the great dishonour he had done to God and religion, and the great scandal he had thereby given to the Lord's people. The fact, being too notorious to be denied, was admitted; the obsolete law in that case was read, and these reverend guardians of religion insisted upon the sentence being carried into immediate execution. As they had previously taken care to secure a majority of votes, their motion was soon carried. The offending burgomaster was deposed, and a deputation of the consistory, at the head of which were these tender-conscienced ministers, was ordered to wait upon him and an-

nounce their sentence. The old gentleman having heard of their proceedings by his son, who is a very sensible and learned advocate, and who had spared no pains, on that occasion, to search the ecclesiastical code, was prepared to receive, with the utmost tranquillity, a message from the consistory to inform him, that, at such a time, if he was at leisure, a deputation from that body would wait upon him, to communicate to him something of importance. Having fixed the time for their reception, he ordered four elbow chairs to be placed in the parlour for the ministers, whom when they came, attended with some other members of the consistory, he received with great politeness at the door, introduced them to the chamber of audience, desired them to be seated, and begged to know the reason of his being honoured with such a solemn visit. He then called for a little stool, upon which, with all due humility, he set himself down at
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the feet of the reverend Gamaliels. After a few hums and haws, the reverend the president began with observing, how exceeding grievous it was to him to approach any one, and especially a person of his rank and importance, on an occasion so disagreeable as that was which then brought him there; that the eminent station of any person inflamed the guilt of whatever sin he might commit; that it was remarkably so in this case; that he had danced at his daughter's wedding, whereby he had dishonoured God and offended his people; and that therefore the consistory, pursuant to an old law of the church, did by him, as their mouth, pronounce him deposed from his eldership, and excommunicated; that it grieved them to announce this sentence against him; but that private regards must yield to public considerations, and mercy, in all such cases, give way to justice. Under such a thunderbolt, launched with such force from the red

right arm of ecclesiastical vengeance, the trembling burgomaster immediately humbled himself. He assured them, he was sorry for the offence he had given; that he did it undesignedly; that he did not know there was such a law in being; that it was true he had danced; but that, as it was in his own house, and in a private company, on so extraordinary an occasion as his daughter's wedding, at the repeated solicitation of some ladies then in company, and without the least intention to give any scandal, he humbly begged that they, and the reverend consistory, would take these mitigating circumstances, together with those of his age, his rank, his past services, and general good character, into consideration; and, in the exercise of christian charity, revoke, or at least soften, the terrible sentence they had pronounced. They in return told him, this was impossible; that for the public good, justice must have its course against him; that they wished him

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so to consider the heinousness of his crime, as deeply to repent of it; and recommended him to the Divine Mercy. Upon this he begged he might see the law by which he was condemned. This, after some demur, was granted, and it was read to him. This done, they got up to take their leave. ‘Stay, gentlemen;’ said he: ‘since you are inexorable, I have something further to say, in which you are all deeply concerned.’ They stared at him and one another. He then observed to them, that they must certainly have perused their ecclesiastical code in a very partial and superficial manner, or else they could never have overlooked a law in the very same book, ‘By which’ said he, ‘you, reverend gentlemen, and all the rest of your fraternity in this province, are, *ipso facto*, condemned and deposed.’ Here they stared yet more than before, like people thunderstruck. He then produced the code, which his son had procured him,

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him, with the useful place ready doubled down. ‘ I perceive, reverend gentlemen,’ said he, ‘ that you have totally overlooked
 ‘ an unrepealed law in this very collection,
 ‘ which you have all notoriously transgressed, and still continue to transgress, with
 ‘ impunity.’ Here he read a synodical act, forbidding any minister of the church whatever wearing false hair, or any wig, of whatever kind or colour, like the French, even though they should not have a single hair left upon their heads, or should be afflicted with rheums or tooth-achs; all that was permitted in these cases, or that of absolute baldness, was, to wear a black silk scull-cap, called in the edict a Calot, and that all who presumed to offend, should be suspended *ex officio et beneficio*; and, in case they persisted, should be deposed from their function, and excommunicated. This compleated the staring scene on their side: they hung their heads like weeping willows, implored his
 pardon

pardon in the most mean and abject manner imaginable, and most earnestly begged that he would make up matters with them.

‘No, gentlemen’; said he: ‘I sued to you for some lenity in vain, and so shall you now to me. As we have been brethren in offence, we will be such too in penance. Mercy, you know, must give way to justice. Depart, gentlemen, depart for this time, and wait the event of my proceedings against you.’

‘You cannot imagine into what a ridiculous distress this motley transaction has thrown all the clergy of the town and province of Groeningen. They are setting all engines at work, to prevail on the burgomaster to drop his process; but he remains inexorable, and vows the law shall have equally its course in their case, as it had in his; that they shall be suspended, and if restored, after making a public *amende honorable*, shall be obliged

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to throw aside their wigs, and walk the streets, and preach in their black calots.

The late earl of St. Albans, secretary to queen Henrietta Maria in all her misfortunes, found himself, at the Restoration, but in an indifferent condition. Happening one day to make a party at pleasure with his majesty, where all distinction was laid aside, a stranger came with an importunate suit for an employment, just vacant, of great value. The king ordered him to be admitted, and the earl to personate his majesty. The gentleman made his addresses accordingly, enumerated his services to the royal family, and hoped such a place would not be thought too great a reward for them. ‘By no means,’ replied the earl, ‘and I am extremely concerned, that, as soon as I heard of the vacancy, I conferred it on my faithful friend there, the earl of St. Albans [pointing to the king], who has constantly followed the
‘for-

‘fortunes both of my father and myself,
 ‘and has hitherto only enjoyed my favour
 ‘in return: but, when any thing of this
 ‘kind happens again, worthy your accept-
 ‘ance, pray let me see you.’ The gen-
 tleman withdrew. The king smiled at the
 jest, and confirmed the grant. Thus the
 earl owed that to chance and quickness of
 thought, which the most faithful services
 could never procure him.

When the celebrated Ninon L’Enclos
 was in her fifty-sixth year, the chevalier
 de Villiers, a natural son whom she had
 by the count de Gerze, arrived at Paris
 from the provinces, where he had been
 educated, without any knowledge of his
 real parents. He saw his mother: he fell
 in love with her. The increase, the ve-
 hement of his passion, gave the greatest
 disquiets to the affectionate matron. At
 last, when nothing but a discovery of the
 truth could put a stop, as she thought, to
 the

the impetuosity of his attempts, she carried him into her bed-chamber. Here my readers will easily conceive the transports of a young lover, just on the brink of happiness with a charming mistress near three-score. As the adventurous youth would have pushed his enterprizes, she checked him, and, pointing to a clock, said, 'Rash boy, look there! at that hour, two-and-twenty years ago, I was delivered of you in this very bed!' It is a certain fact, that the unfortunate, abashed young man, flew into the garden, and fell upon his sword. This catastrophe had like to have deprived the age of the most accomplished mistress that ever adorned the Cytherean annals. It was above twenty years before the afflicted mother would listen to any addresses of a tender nature. At length the polite Abbé de Gedoyñ pressed and obtained an assignation. He came and found the enchanting Ninon lying on a couch, like the grandmother of the Loves, in the
most

most gallant dishabille: and, what was still more delightful, disposed to indulge his utmost wishes. After the most charming endearments, he asked her, but with the greatest respect, Why she had so long deferred the completion of his happiness? 'Why,' replied she, 'I must confess, it proceeded from a remain of vanity: I did pique myself upon having a lover at past fourscore, and it was but yesterday that I was eighty complete.'

A few years ago, an English captain being at an annual feast given by the nobility of Girgenti, in Sicily, to the bishop of that town: after the second course was removed; and the ices, in the shape of various fruits and sweetmeats, advanced by way of rear-guard, one of the servants carried the figure of a fine large peach to the captain, who, unacquainted with deceit of any kind, never doubted but that it was a real one; and, cutting it through
the

the middle, in a moment had one large half of it in his mouth : at first he only looked grave, and blew up his cheeks to give it more room ; but the violence of the cold soon getting the better of his patience, he began to tumble it about from side to side in his mouth, his eyes rushing out of water, till at last, unable to hold it any longer, he spit it out upon his plate, exclaiming with a true British oath, ‘ A painted snow-ball, by G-d !’ and, wiping away his tears with his napkin, he turned in a rage to the Italian servant that had helped him, with a ‘ d—n your macaroni eyes, you ‘ son of a b——, what did you mean by ‘ that ?’ The fellow, who did not understand a word of it, could not forbear smiling, which still convinced the captain the more that it was a trick ; and he was just going to throw the rest of the snow-ball in his face, but was prevented by one of the company ; when recovering from his passion, and thinking the object unworthy of it,

it, he only added, in a softer tone, ‘ Very
 ‘ well, neighbour ; I only wish I had you
 ‘ on board ship for half an hour, you should
 ‘ have a dozen before you could say Jack
 ‘ Robison, for all your painted cheeks.’

Some time after the late Mr. Foote was married, lady N— P— made some overtures to him, not knowing that he was then married. Sam was an intimate and familiar companion of the late Sir Francis Blake Delaval, whose finances at that time were much straitened, and some expedient was requisite to raise the necessary supplies. Foote, knowing the embarrassment of his friend, informed him of her ladyship’s disposition towards matrimony, and that he had hit upon a scheme whereby the knight might make sure of her ladyship and her fortune, which was said to be about ninety-thousand pounds, in the funds, besides other possessions. The project was concerted : Mr. Foote informed
 lady

lady P— that there was a very extraordinary man, a conjuror, in the Old Bailey, who foretold such events as were almost incredible, and could only be believed by their taking place; and that, if it was agreeable, he would wait upon her to him; for that, though he had no great faith in fortune-tellers, he had heard from several of his friends such very extraordinary occurrences predicted, and which had happened precisely, as mentioned by the conjuror, that his incredulity was not a little staggered. Her ladyship snapped at the bait, and the late facetious Jemmy Worfsdale was appointed to personate the conjuror, in a lodging within a few doors to the real magician. Jemmy, being acquainted with her ladyship's affairs, told her the most remarkable transactions, to her great astonishment. He then acquainted her ladyship, that there was an occurrence upon the point of taking place, which would be the most important of her whole life.

Her

Her ladyship being very inquisitive to know the particulars, he informed her, 'That she was upon the point of being married.' 'Indeed!' said she: 'pray, Mr. Conjuror, to whom?' 'I am not,' he replied, 'at liberty to acquaint you, at present, who is the person; but I can acquaint you when and where you will see him, and point out to you his dress.' 'Bless me! tell me, I beg of you.' 'On Thursday next you will be walking in the Park: you will there observe a tall, fair gentleman, remarkably handsome, dressed in blue and silver: he will bow to a person in your company, the first time he meets you: upon his return, he will join your party. It is irrevocably fixed by fate that man is to be your husband.' Her ladyship asked no more questions, but resolved not to fail being in the Park the day the conjuror had mentioned. Delayal appeared dressed precisely as described, bowed,

bowed, joined, and, in three days, married her ladyship.

An intimate acquaintance of the late Sir Richard Steele dined with him one day after he had been lately married, and just then set up his chariot. His lady, two or three times at dinner, asked him, If he used the chariot that afternoon? to which he only answered, ‘Oysters.’ When the table-cloth was taken away, she said, ‘Well, my dear, I’ll take the chariot!’ to which he again replied, ‘Oysters, my dear.’ She dropped a curtsy, and confessed she was in an error, and stood reproved. On her retiring, Sir Richard’s friend thus addressed him: ‘Sir, as absurd as your answer might seem to others, I know your manner so well, that I am assured there is some moral instruction in your word Oysters: as it must be some gentle, humorous reproof, do me the favour to let me into the secret of it.’

‘You

‘ You know,’ says Sir Richard, ‘ we have
 ‘ just set up a chariot; and, being appre-
 ‘ hensive it might have such an effect on
 ‘ my wife’s heart that she might incon-
 ‘ siderately talk of it too much, thereby
 ‘ betraying a weakness of mind I would
 ‘ gladly prevent, I told a story of a
 ‘ young fellow who had lately set up an
 ‘ equipage, and had always the vanity to
 ‘ be talking of it; which was as follows :
 ‘ Ned Sparkish, on the death of his elder
 ‘ brother, left the attorney to whom he
 ‘ was clerk, set up an equipage, and com-
 ‘ menced petit maitre. He was one day
 ‘ walking with some gentlemen in the
 ‘ Mall, when one of them asked him to be
 ‘ of their party to dine at a famous eating-
 ‘ house at Charing Cross.’ “ With all my
 “ heart, my dear;” ‘ says Ned :’ “ I’ll step
 “ to my servant, and give some orders about
 “ my chariot, and be with you again in a
 “ moment.” ‘ On this another gentleman
 ‘ said,’ “ How can you ask that coxcomb

"to be with us? We shall hear of nothing
 "but his chariot. I'll lay half a dozen of
 "French wine he talks of it within ten
 "minutes after he comes into the room."
 "As I think that impossible," "says ano-
 "ther," "it is a bet." "Ned, by this time, join-
 "ed them again, and they went to Locket's.
 "They were scarce in the room, when the
 "gentleman who laid the wager proposed
 "having some oysters before dinner, as a
 "whet; but at the same time feared there
 "were none fresh enough at that end of the
 "town, and proposed to send to Billingsgate
 "for some. It was objected that would take
 "too much time, otherwise they approved of
 "his motion." "Nay," "says Sparkish," "let
 "that be no objection: my chariot is at
 "the door, and I'll dispatch Tom away
 "with it immediately, and he may bring
 "the oysters in half an hour at farthest."
 "You see," continues Sir Richard, "the
 "intent of this story, on how absurd a
 "foundation soever it may be built: I told

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'it my wife as a family-piece of instruction, and you see that she has good sense enough, on the mention of oysters, to see and to confess her error.'

Mr. St. John, and the duke of York (afterwards king James II.) one day unexpectedly met in the Park at the Hague, and Mr. St. John, preserving the dignity of ambassador to the English republic, kept his ground. The duke, in a passion, snatched off his hat, and cried, 'Learn, parricide, to respect the brother of your king.' To this the ambassador retorted with spirit, 'I scorn to acknowledge either you, or him of whom you speak, but as a race of vagabonds.'

Perhaps no man was more addicted to the accumulation of wealth than the famous Dr. Radcliffe, and was apt to treat those patients with great contempt who behaved to him in a mean or niggardly manner.

H 2

This

This was remarkably exemplified in the case of Mr. Tyson of Hackney, a person of great wealth, and who was said, at the time of his death, to be worth more than three hundred thousand pounds. It happened that this man, who was as much distinguished by the meanness of his soul as the largeness of his fortune, had so long dealt with quacks, for cheapness sake, that he was reduced to the lowest ebb of life; his continuance in it being in a manner despaired of. His friends and neighbours had repeated their intreaties with him to no manner of purpose, that he would apply to some able physician for advice, as his case appeared to be so dangerous; but the expence seemed to be a greater terror than even the apprehensions of death itself. At length, however, the extreme near view of the next world frightened him into a resolution of using some proper means to make his abode in this as long as possible. In order to which, he pitch-

ed

ed upon Dr. Radcliffe, as the only person capable of giving him relief in this dangerous state: but the great difficulty was, how to keep the doctor from discovering him, so as he might procure the assistance without the usual expence. At last, with that view, he and his wife agreed to wait upon the doctor at his own house; and being carried in their own coach to the Royal Exchange, there they hired a hack to Bloomsbury, where Radcliffe then lived. When they came to his house, with two guineas in hand, and a very mean habit, Mr. Tyson opened his case to the doctor, not without alledging his poverty, as a motive for having advice upon moderate terms. But neither his sickness nor his apparel had disguised him so much as to deceive Radcliffe, who happened to know his face. He had, therefore, no sooner heard what he had to say, and taken his gold, but he told him, That he might go home and die, and be

H 3

damned,

damned, without a speedy repentance; for both death and the devil were ready for one Tyson of Hackney, who had raised an immense estate out of the spoils of the public, and the tears of orphans and widows; and would certainly be a dead man in ten days: and the event, we are told, did not falsify the prediction; for the old usurer returned to his house, quite confounded with the sentence that had been passed upon him, and died within eight days after.

Another anecdote is related of Radcliffe which deserves to be recorded, and is as follows: A Mr. Nutley being somewhat indisposed, the doctor made him a visit, both as friend and a physician. Upon examining into the state of his health, he found that his disorder lay rather in his mind than in his body, and suspected that it arose from some embarrassment in his circumstances: Radcliffe, therefore, went away,

away, and told him he would prescribe such a remedy as should infallibly cure him. Accordingly, he soon after sent him two hundred guineas, with a letter, in which he assured him, that three hundred more were at his service: and he found that he had adopted the right method of treating his friend's case, who was sooner recovered from his indisposition by the doctor's money, than he would have been by any medicines he could have prescribed for him.

The Spanish etiquette is a certain regulation which contains all the ceremonies which the Spanish monarchs are obliged to observe, and which they dare not, upon any pretence, break through; but yet is a greater check upon the liberty of the queen consort, for they are often forbid things the most innocent. The duchess of Terra Nova, who was camera major to the wife of Charles II. told her majesty plain-

ly, That the queens of Spain must not look out of the windows of the palace. There happened to this princess an adventure, which, by the formalities of the etiquette, had like to have lost her life. The queen was very fond of riding, and several fine horses having been brought her from Andalusia, she had a mind to try one of them; but she had no sooner mounted, than the proud steed began to prance and caper, and at length threw the royal rider; and what was worse, her majesty's foot hitched in the stirrup, and the horse dragged her along, to the utmost peril of her life. All the courts were spectators of this unlucky accident, but nobody had thought of succouring the queen: the etiquette formally opposed it; for it forbid any man whatsoever, on pain of death, to touch the queen of Spain, and more especially her foot. We do not know why her foot, rather than her hand, should be prohibited; but, in short, that was the law,

law, and therefore nobody durst approach her. Charles II. who had a great love for his queen, and who, from a balcony, saw the danger she was in, cried out vehemently; but the custom was inviolable, and the untouchable foot restrained the grave Spaniards from intermeddling in so delicate an affair. At length, two brisk cavaliers, one named Don Louis de las Terres, and the other Don Jaine de Sotomajor, resolved to hazard all in spite of the law of the queen's foot. One seized the bridle of the horse, and the other laid hold of the queen's foot, and took it out of the stirrup; and, in rendering her this service, displaced one of his fingers. When this was done, the cavaliers took the advantage of the confusion this accident occasioned, and, without stopping, went home, got their horses saddled, and fled from the punishment they had incurred, for daring to offend against so strict and so august a custom. The queen, recovering from her

fright, desired to see her two deliverers. A young lord, their friend, told her majesty, that they were obliged to fly the country to avoid the punishment they had merited. The queen, who was a Frenchwoman, and knowing nothing of the prerogative of her heel, and probably without this fall had ever remained ignorant of it, imagined it a very impertinent custom to punish men for saving her life. In short, she, by much intreaty, obtained their pardon from the king her husband. But notwithstanding the restraint laid on them by the etiquette, the queens of Spain have been fond enough of gallantry, which helped to rid them of a troublesome and ridiculous yoke. The wife of Philip IV. (if we may credit the historians of those days) had a liking to the count de Monterei, and she was at a loss how to make him sensible of it. The etiquette was now fixed, which settled the ceremonial to be observed with regard to the king's amours; but

but no mention was made therein with respect to those of the queen. The princess could find no better expedient, than to drop a paper out of her hand one day when Montereï was giving her an account of an affair with which she had charged him. He took it up, and, with one knee to the ground, presented it to her: 'Perhaps,' says the queen, 'you imagine this paper to be of importance. I will have you judge of it.' The count therein read these words: 'I spend the night without rest, alone, dull, forming of desires: my pain is a martyrdom, but such as I take delight in.' The count (who never imagined that a queen of Spain could stoop so low as to discover the tenderness of her heart) seemed not to understand the meaning of the letter, and perused it in a cool manner, so natural to a Spaniard. The queen, observing his indifference, grew outrageous, and, with spite and indignation, snatched it out of his hands. 'Go,'

says she, 'you may justly say, Domina non
'sum dignus.'

A country family whose reason for coming to London was to have their pictures drawn, and principally that of the hopeful heir, brought him to Sir Godfrey Kneller. That skilful artist soon discovering that a little converse with the world might, one day or other, wear off the block, which, to a common observer, obscured the man, instead of drawing him in a green coat with spaniels, or, in the more contemptible livery of a fop, playing with a lap-dog,

'Os homini sublime dedit,'

gave him a soul darting with a proper spirit through the rusticity of his features. A gentleman who was going to see the painter, met the mother and sisters coming down stairs the day it was finished, and who found Sir Godfrey in a most violent

lent

lent rage above: 'Look there,' says he, pointing to the picture; 'there is a fellow! 'I have put some sense in him, and none 'of his family know him.

In the reign of James I. towards the end of the year 1609, Robert Carr, a youth of twenty years of age, and of a good family in Scotland, returned to London from his travels. All his natural accomplishments consisted in a handsome person; all his acquired abilities in an easy air and genteel carriage. He was strongly recommended to his countryman lord Hay; and that nobleman no sooner cast his eye upon him, than he found him possessed of those talents which would qualify him for making a figure in the English court. Conscious of the king's fondness for youth, beauty, and exterior appearance, he studied how matters might be so conducted, that this new object should make the deepest impression upon him. Without
4 naming

naming him at court, he allotted him the office of presenting to James his buckler and device, at a match of tilting; and hoped he would engage the attention of that monarch. Fortune favoured his designs, by an accident which at first bore a contrary aspect. When Carr was advancing to perform his office, his unruly horse flung him, and broke his leg, in the king's presence. James approached him with looks of pity and compassion. His beauty and tender years excited love and affection; and the prince ordered him to be carried to the palace, and to be carefully attended. He himself, after the tilting, paid him a visit, and frequently returned during his confinement. The ignorance and simplicity of the boy completed the conquest which his exterior grace and accomplishments had begun. Possessed with a high opinion of his own abilities, he flattered himself that this raw youth, by his precepts and instructions, would

would soon be equal to his wisest ministers, and be initiated into all the mysteries of government: and as this kind of creation was more perfectly his own work than any other, he seemed to entertain a more unbounded affection for his minion, than what he bore even to his own children. He soon conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, promoted him to the title of viscount Rochester, invested him with the order of the garter, admitted him into the privy-council, and, though at first he assigned him no particular office, he entrusted him with the supreme direction of all his business and political concerns. In proportion to this rapid advancement in confidence and honour, was wealth bestowed upon the needy favourite; and while Salisbury, and all the ablest ministers, could scarce find money to defray the necessary expences of government, James, with an unpairing hand, loaded with riches this useless and contemptible pageant.

geant. The favourite was not however at first so elated with his good fortune as not to be sensible of his own ignorance and inexperience. He had therefore recourse to the assistance and advice of a friend; and he was more happy in his choice than is usual with persons of his character. In Sir Thomas Overbury he found a judicious and wise counsellor, who endeavoured to season his mind with the principles of prudence and discretion: and so long as he had the modesty to follow the friendly counsels of Overbury, he engaged the rare fortune of being beloved by the prince, without incurring the hatred of the people. To complete the happiness of this pampered minion, nothing was wanting but a kind mistress: and where high fortune concurred with all the graces of external form, this circumstance could not be difficult to attain. But it was here the favourite met with that rock which ruined all his future prospects, and which plunged
him

him for ever into an abyfs of infamy, guilt, and mifery. No fooner had James afcended the throne of England, than he refolved to compensate the many calamities which the unhappy families of Howard and Devereux had fuffered in fupport of his caufe, and that of his mother. Having reftored young Effex to his rank and blood, and beftowed the title of Suffolk and Northampton on the two brothers of the houfe of Norfolk, he endeavoured to procure the farther pleafure of uniting their families by the marriage of the earl of Effex with lady Frances Howard, daughter to the earl of Suffolk. She was only in her thirteenth and he in his fourteenth year; and it was judged proper, till both fhould arrive at the age of puberty, that he fhould go abroad, and fpend fome time in his travels. After an abfence of four years, he returned to England, and was charmed with the fight of the lovely bride, and was now in the full bloom of her beauty,

ty, and who was universally admired by the whole court. But, when he approached, and claimed the privileges of a husband, he met with nothing but coldness and indifference, and a flat refusal of any farther freedom. He had recourse to her parents, who obliged her to accompany him into the country, and to partake of his bed: but nothing could conquer her invincible obstinacy; and she still rose from his side without having tasted the nuptial pleasures. Provoked at this unaccountable behaviour, he at last abandoned the pursuit, and, separating himself from her, allowed her to follow her own will and inclination. It was generally thought that a lady of her age and constitution could not discover such an unconquerable aversion to one man, without some secret attachment to another; and it soon appeared that the conjecture of the public was but too well founded. She had listened to the addresses of the favourite,
and

and her tender heart had been easily captivated by the graceful person and insinuating address of the worthless minion. She flattered herself that so long as she refused the embraces of Essex, she could not properly be deemed his wife, and that a separation and divorce might still pave the way for a new marriage with her beloved Rochester. Their passion was so violent, and their opportunities of meeting so frequent, that they had already indulged themselves in all the gratifications of love: yet they still bewailed their unhappy fate while their union was not perfect and legitimate; and the lover, as well as the mistress, was impatient till their mutual ardour should have the sanction of marriage. An affair of so great consequence could not be accomplished without consulting Overbury, to whom Rochester was wont to communicate all his secrets. That faithful counsellor was alarmed at the proposal; and he employed every argument to divert
his

his friend from so foolish an attempt. He represented the great difficulty of obtaining a divorce between her and her husband ; and the extreme danger, as well as infamy, of taking into his bed an abandoned woman, who, being married to a nobleman of the first rank, had not scrupled to prostitute her character, and lavish her favours on the object of a capricious and momentary passion ; and, in the warmth of his friendship, he went so far as to threaten Rochester that he would break off all further correspondence with him, if he could so far forget his honour and his interest, as to prosecute the intended marriage. Rochester had the weakness to report this conversation to his mistress, the countess of Essex ; and, when in the fury of her rage and resentment, she swore vengeance against Overbury, he had also the baseness to engage in her vindictive schemes, and to doom to destruction his faithful friend, for the greatest instance
which

which he could receive of his sincere and cordial friendship. Some contrivance was necessary for the execution of their cruel purpose. Rochester applied to the king, and, after complaining that his own indulgence to Overbury had inspired him with a degree of arrogance which was altogether intolerable, he obtained a commission for his embassy to Russia; which he represented as a retreat for his friend, both advantageous and honourable. When consulted by Overbury, he earnestly advised him not to accept this offer, and undertook the task of appeasing his majesty, should he seem to be offended at the refusal. To the king again he exaggerated the insolence of Overbury's conduct, and procured a warrant for sending him to the Tower, which James intended as a gentle punishment for his disobedience. The lieutenant of the Tower was a creature of Rochester's, and had lately been entrusted with the office for this very purpose: he

subject-

subjected Overbury to such a rigorous confinement, that the unhappy prisoner was debarred from the sight even of his nearest relations; and no intercourse of any kind was permitted him, during the space of six months that he had lived in prison. This impediment being removed, the lovers resolved to pursue their purpose; and the king himself, forgetting the dignity of his character, and his obligations to the family of Essex, warmly seconded the project of obtaining a divorce between the countess and her husband. This indeed was the more easy, as Essex was willing to embrace any decent opportunity of separating himself from a profligate woman, by whom he was hated, and whose love, had she thought proper to have offered it, he would now have rejected with contempt and disdain. The sentence of divorce, upon the most ridiculous pretence, was awarded between the earl of Essex and his countess; and, to complete the farce, the king, unwil-

unwilling that the lady should lose any rank by her marriage, conferred on his minion the title of earl of Somerset. The countess of Somerset, having thus accomplished her wishes, might have enjoyed as much happiness as it was possible for a woman of her abandoned character to enjoy, had she not been prompted by her revenge to imbrue her hands in the blood of an innocent man, and by that means involved herself in utter ruin and destruction. Though she had already deprived Overbury of his liberty, she could not be content until she had made him feel the severer effects of her resentment, and she engaged her husband, as well as her uncle, the earl of Northampton, in the atrocious design of taking him off by poison. Fruitless attempts were repeated by weak poisons; but at last they gave him one so strong and violent, that the symptoms were evident to every one who approached him. He was buried in the Tower with
the

the greatest dispatch and secrecy, under pretence that he died of such a loathsome disease as rendered his corpse unfit to be seen. Conscious of the murder of his friend, Somerset enjoyed little satisfaction in the pleasures of love, or the utmost kindness and indulgence of the king. The graces of his youth gradually decayed, the gaiety of his manners insensibly vanished, and his politeness and affability were changed into fullness and silence; and the king, who had been captivated by these superficial accomplishments, began to withdraw his affections from a man who no longer contributed to his amusement. To complete his disgrace, an apothecary's servant, who had been employed in preparing the poison, having retired to Flushing, began to talk very freely of the whole secret; and the affair at last reached the ears of Trumbal, the king's ambassador in the Low Countries. Trumbal immediately transmitted the intelligence to
Sir

Sir Ralph Winwood, secretary of state, who imparted the matter to his majesty. The king, surpris'd and confounded to find such enormous guilt in a man whom he had admitted into the most intimate familiarity, sent for Sir Edward Coke, lord chief justice, and ordered him to examine into the affair with the utmost rigour and impartiality. Coke executed his orders with that industry and severity for which he was so remarkable: the whole labyrinth of guilt was fully unfolded: the accomplices of Overbury's murder suffered the punishment due to their crimes; but the king granted a pardon to the principals, Somersét and his countess: and to mitigate the severity of their fate, after some years imprisonment, he restored them to their liberty, and indulged them with a pension, with which they retired into the country, and languish'd out old age in infamy and obscurity. Their guilty loves were converted into the most deadly ha-

tered ; and they lived several years in the same house, without any intercourse or correspondence with each other.

When Sir Richard Steele was master of Drury-lane theatre, there happened a division among the actors of the theatre at Dublin, which occasioned a separation of that company : one of the principal performers, with a few under-strappers, as guards, messengers, attendants, and candle-snuffers, came over to lift under Sir Richard ; but, as their demands were so high, and their qualifications so low, it is worth while to give an account of both. Their demands were comprehended in a few terms, namely, a dismissal of the then principal actors of Sir Richard's troop, and an admission of these gentry into their parts. This demand was made in form to the knight by Mr. W. Poney, the captain of their band. Sir Richard was a man of infinite humour, but little temper ;

temper; and when Will. Poney proposed the turning off his old comedians, he fell into a violent rage, and kicked his hat about with all the huffing majesty of a theatrical monarch. When he grew a little calmer, he desired a review of those notable gentlemen who were to be employed in his service. Mr. Poney immediately produced them, in order to shew their qualifications. The first he called was one John Limekiln, who having no promising aspect, 'Pray, Mr. Poney,' said the knight, 'what parts may this gentleman have been used to act? I cannot say he is what you call a good figure for the stage: I dare swear you never let him appear in comedy.' 'No, Sir, no,' said Mr. Poney; 'we always used him for the murderer. He shone particularly in the whisper, where the fellow tells Macbeth he hath dispatched Banquo: we once tried him for chairman in the Committee, or Faithful Irishman, but I must

‘own he made a sorry figure there, and could
 ‘not go through with the part; but what
 ‘I would recommend him to your honour
 ‘for, is prompter, or what in Ireland we
 ‘call remembrancer. Here the next, Si-
 ‘mon Shadow.’ ‘Pray, Master Shadow,’
 said Richard, ‘what is your province?’
 ‘Alack, Sir,’ replied he, ‘I was by trade
 ‘a linen-draper; but thinking I had talents
 ‘for the stage, I entered into the company,
 ‘and was employed as a woman’s tailor.
 ‘I would not act indeed myself, but I used
 ‘to swear Mr. Poney spoke like an angel,
 ‘for which, Sir, he got me a regular sala-
 ‘ry.’ ‘Pho,’ said the knight peevishly,
 ‘must I take a fellow for an actor, because
 ‘he said another acted well? Come, Sir,
 ‘your next.’ ‘Here, Mr. Jeffery Hill,
 ‘come forth.’ ‘And what can he act?’
 said the knight? ‘Any part, Sir,’ said
 Mr. Poney, ‘that does not require speak-
 ‘ing. Here, Peter Bullcalf, where are
 ‘you?’ Peter stepped forth with his
 tongue

tongue out of his mouth, but without speaking a syllable. ‘Well, Mr. Bullcalf,’ said Sir Richard, ‘are you as complete an actor as the last gentleman? What can you do?’ Bullcalf rolled his tongue about, sputtered out a plentiful quantity of dew, and then roared. ‘Zounds!’ said the knight, ‘what part do you call this, Mr. Poney?’ ‘Sir,’ replied he, ‘he is a young beginner, and never performed any thing but the monster in Perseus and Andromeda.’ ‘An excellent troop of comedians truly;’ said Sir Richard: ‘but pray, Sir, are your women all as silent as the rest of your company?’ ‘let us see them.’ Mr. Poney stepped out, and returned with four old fellows, dressed with blue aprons and black hats, and the first with a long muslin night-rail. ‘Heyday!’ quoth the knight, ‘are these the ladies?’ ‘Sir,’ said Mr. Poney, ‘they supply the places of women. These are four gentlemen who are famous for per-

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‘form-

‘ forming the witches in Macbeth. The
 ‘ first, Sir, is Mr. Samuel Mouldy. Let
 ‘ me recommend this gentleman to you for
 ‘ a top actress: take off his night-trail and
 ‘ new dress him, and he shall play Lady
 ‘ Betty Modish, Lady Townly, or any
 ‘ other genteel part with the first woman
 ‘ in your company. These other three
 ‘ are, Mr. John Rushlight, Mr. Francis
 ‘ Feeble, and Mr. Thomas Wart: the
 ‘ latter is particularly excellent at dumb-
 ‘ show.’ ‘ But pray,’ said Sir Richard,
 ‘ have you no real women at all in your
 ‘ troop? Nothing but these equivocal per-
 ‘ sonages?’ ‘ A real woman! yes, Sir,
 ‘ that I have, as real a woman, I believe,
 ‘ as ever was produced upon the stage; a
 ‘ woman, Sir, that can out-do her own
 ‘ out-doings. Sir, she has as real a voice
 ‘ as real action, as real passion, as any
 ‘ woman of them all. In short, Sir, you
 ‘ shall see her. Here, my dear, come
 ‘ forth

‘ forth like raving Nourmahal in Aureng-
zebe, when they tell the Sultan,

“ The empress has the anti-chamber past,

“ And hither moves in most disorder’d haste ;

“ Her looks the stormy marks of anger wear.”

‘ There is a real woman for you : I am
‘ sure I have found her so.’ ‘ Pray,’ said
the knight, calmly, ‘ what may Mrs.
‘ Poney’s particular turn be ?’ ‘ Sir,’ said
her spouse, ‘ the first part she played was
‘ Columbine in a farce ; but of late years,
‘ Sir, she has attempted, with great suc-
‘ cess, the first parts in tragedy. She par-
‘ ticularly shines in Lady Macbeth, Lady
‘ Wronghead, and Lady Loverule in the
‘ Devil to Pay. Thus, Sir, you have seen
‘ my troop, and believe me, they will
‘ make you the richest man in Europe, if
‘ you will but employ them instead of
‘ those blundering fellows you have al-
‘ ready.’ ‘ That I much doubt,’ said Sir
Richard ; ‘ but pray, Mr. Poney, why did
‘ not you bring over some of your chief

‘ actors with you? we have heard extra-
 ‘ ordinary characters of several of them,
 ‘ which, no doubt, they deserve.’ ‘ Why,
 ‘ Sir, because they are all d—d Jaco-
 ‘ bites : they are all detected for Jacobites.’
 ‘ I fancy,’ replied the knight, ‘ you would
 ‘ say convicted ; I suppose they drank the
 ‘ Pretender’s health, and were tried for it.’
 ‘ No, no, Sir, no such thing : it was I de-
 ‘ tected them.’ ‘ Why pray, Mr. Poney,
 ‘ how came you to know they were Jaco-
 ‘ bites?’ ‘ How, Sir ! why I was at the
 ‘ head of them for fifteen years, and it is
 ‘ d—d hard if I don’t know whether a
 ‘ man is a Jacobite, when every thing he
 ‘ has said and done, during all that time,
 ‘ was by my direction. But besides, Sir,
 ‘ if they would have had a little patience,
 ‘ I would have provided for them all ; but
 ‘ the rascals would all be taken care of in
 ‘ eight days.’ ‘ That is,’ replied Sir Ri-
 ‘ chard ‘I suppose in these eight days you laid
 ‘ out all the best parts for these gentlemen
 ‘ here,

‘ here, who have the honour to be your
 ‘ favourites; and who, it seems, must be
 ‘ my actors, because they are your tools.
 ‘ But come, Mr. Poney, pray let me have
 ‘ a sample of your own abilities; a speech
 ‘ that corresponds with your own genius
 ‘ the best;’ upon which, Mr. Poney began :

“ Obey’d as sov’reign by thy subjects be,
 “ But know that I alone am king of me !
 “ I am as free as nature first made man,
 “ Ere the base laws of servitude began,
 “ When wild in woods the noble savage ran.” }

This he vomited out with the utmost convulsions of rant and fury. ‘ As I take it,’ said the knight, ‘ that is Almanzor, the
 ‘ frantic hero in the Conquest of Granada.’
 ‘ True,’ replied Mr. Poney; ‘ it was my
 ‘ top part. ‘ It might have pleased in
 ‘ Ireland,’ said Sir Richard; ‘ but it will
 ‘ not do the business here. Be so good to
 ‘ favour me with a few lines out of some
 ‘ other play, Mr. Poney.’

“ Thou want’st them both, or better thou would’st know,

“ Than to let factions in thy kingdom grow.”

‘ I believe you forgot,’ interrupted the knight, ‘ that this is the same play : I ‘ begged you to repeat me some lines out ‘ of another.’ Mr. Poney then repeated ‘ the following lines :

“ My fate is fix’d so far above thy crown,

“ That all thy men

“ Pil’d on thy back can never pull it down.

“ But at my ease thy destiny I send,

“ By ceasing from this hour to be thy friend.

“ Thou can’st no title to my duty bring—

“ I’m not thy subject, and my soul’s thy king.

“ Farewell—when I am gone,

“ There’s not a star of thine dare stay with thee ;

“ I’ll whistle thy tame fortune after me.

“ What are ten thousand subjects such as they ?

“ If I am scorn’d—I’ll take myself away.”

Sir Richard had scarce patience to hear him through his rhapsody ; but Mr. Poney had worked himself up, and there was no stopping him. ‘ Since, Sir,’ said he, ‘ you ‘ can think of no part but Almanzor’s, ‘ let

‘ let me put you in mind of one or two,
 ‘ which take mightily on our stage, and
 ‘ without knowing which, a man cannot
 ‘ be a principal performer here. Pray let
 ‘ me hear how you would speak those
 ‘ lines in Tamerlane that begin “ Well
 “ was it for the world.” Mr. Poney then
 went on :

“ When on their borders neighbouring princes met
 “ Frequent in friendly parle, by cool debates
 “ Preventing wasteful war—but from Madrid,
 “ Accept, great king, to-morrow from my hand,
 “ The captive head of conquer’d Ferdinand.”

‘ Alas!’ cried the knight, ‘ why Mr. Po-
 ‘ ney, you are running back into Alman-
 ‘ zor : you cannot keep to the point for
 ‘ three lines together; pray try what you
 ‘ can do with Cato’s fine speech in the
 ‘ beginning of the last act.’ Mr. Poney
 composed himself, and began :

“ It must be so —Plato, thou reason’st well——
 “ The word which I have given shall stand like
 fate,
 “ Not like the king’s, that weathercock of state.—

“ He stands so high, with so unfix'd a mind,
 “ Two factions turn him with each blast of wind—
 “ But now he shall not veer—my word is past,
 “ I'll take his heart by th' roots, and hold him
 fast.”

‘ Zounds!’ said Sir Richard, ‘ I have no
 ‘ patience with this eternal Almanzor.
 ‘ I won’t trouble you to rehearse any more
 ‘ of him, but will tell you a story, which
 ‘ your being able to act nothing but a
 ‘ ranting hero brings to my mind: A
 ‘ certain good-natured gentleman received
 ‘ a letter from a friend of his, to recom-
 ‘ mend the bearer, who was a painter, to
 ‘ his protection, and begged he would em-
 ‘ ploy him. The gentleman had lately fit-
 ‘ ted up a new hall, and wanted a large
 ‘ piece to fill one end of it. He told the
 ‘ painter he should draw him a picture for
 ‘ it; “ and,” ‘ said he,’ “ you shall choose
 “ the subject yourself: what shall it be?”
 ‘ After hesitating a moment, “ What
 “ think you of the Judgment of Solomon?”

I

‘ replied

' replied the painter. "Why aye," ' said
 ' the gentleman, ' "it will admit a good
 " many figures and decorations: I don't
 " care if it is." He then carried the
 ' painter into a closet: "And here," ' said
 ' he, ' "I want a small picture for the
 " chimney-piece: what story would make
 " a pleasant little piece?" The artist
 ' seemed to consider a little, and then,
 ' scratching his head, with great taste re-
 ' plied, "Why suppose you have a little
 " Judgment of Solomon." The gentle-
 ' man started; but being of an easy, com-
 ' plying temper, thought that it would be
 ' well enough to have the same story told
 ' in large and in little; and so gave his
 ' consent: but not thinking that he still
 ' found work enough for his friend's
 ' painter, he bethought himself of a sum-
 ' mer-house, where he sometimes drank a
 ' chearful bottle, the ceiling of which was
 ' out of repair: he carried the painter
 ' thither, and said, "I should like some
 " gay

“ gay little history painted here : can you
 “ think of none that would be proper for
 “ such a sort of room ?” “ Oh, yes, Sir,”
 ‘ said he,’ “ there is not a cleverer story
 “ for the purpose than the Judgment of
 “ Solomon.” Here the poor gentleman
 ‘ lost all patience, and kicked the rascally
 ‘ pretender out of doors, who had just
 ‘ learned to draw one subject, and was fit
 ‘ for nothing else in the world.’

It happened, in the early part of the late Mr. Hogarth's life, that a nobleman came to him to sit for his picture, who was uncommonly ugly and deformed. It was executed, after the necessary sittings, with a skill that did honour to the artist's abilities ; but the likeness was rigidly observed, without the necessary attention to compliment and flattery. The peer, disgusted at this counterpart of his dear person, never once thought of sending for a reflection, that could only insult him with his infirmi

infirmities, for deformities he never perceived. Some time was suffered to elapse before the artist applied for his money; but, after various applications were made by him (for then he had no need of a banker) for the payment for the picture, as many evasive answers were returned to these applications, the painter, however, at last hit upon an expedient, which he knew must alarm the nobleman's pride, and on that account answer his purpose: it was couched in the following card:

‘ Mr. Hogarth’s dutiful respects to
 ‘ Lord —, finding that he does not
 ‘ mean to have the picture, which was
 ‘ drawn for him, he is informed again of
 ‘ Mr. H.’s necessity for the money: if
 ‘ therefore, his lordship does not send for
 ‘ it in three days, it will be disposed of,
 ‘ with the addition of a tail, and some
 ‘ other little appendages, to a Mr. Hare,
 ‘ the famous wild-beast-man, Mr. Hogarth
 ‘ having given that gentleman a condi-
 ‘ tional

‘ tional promise of it for an exhibition-
 ‘ picture, on his lordship’s refusal.’

It had the desired effect: the picture was sent for home, and committed to—the fire!

In the reign of that unfortunate monarch, whose abdication put a period to the regal honors of the house of Stuart, doctor Wallis was then dean of Waterford, in Ireland; and, during the troubles of that unhappy country at that period, suffered greatly in his private fortune, from his strong attachment to the Protestant faith. After peace was restored, and our religion firmly established by the accession of king William, Wallis was presented to the court of London, as a gentleman who had well merited the royal patronage: the king had before heard the story of his sufferings, and therefore immediately turning to the dean, desired him to choose any church-preferment then vacant. Wallis (with all
 the

the modesty incident to men of real worth), after a due acknowledgement of the royal favour, requested the deanery of Derry. 'How!' replied the king, in a transport of surprize, 'ask the deanery when you must know the bishoprick of that very place is also vacant!' 'True, my liege,' replied Wallis, 'I do know it, but could not in honesty demand so great a benefice, conscious there are many other gentlemen who have suffered more than myself, and deserved better at your majesty's hands: I therefore presume to repeat my former request.' It is needless to add his request was granted. They parted: the dean highly satisfied with his visit, and the king astonished at the noble instance of disinterestedness he had just been a witness of. What a mind did this man possess! How praiseworthy! How laudable an example to his cloth! How different from the greedy pluralities of this age! How many of our dignified clergy

clergy can lay their hands upon their hearts, and say, with the dean of Derry, 'I am satisfied.'

Immediately after the fatal battle of Hexham, which ended in the defeat of Henry VI. his son and queen (the illustrious Margaret of Anjou, of whom the Abbe Provost has given us so entertaining a history), afraid of trusting to any person's fidelity, fled for refuge into woods and desarts, where they suffered all the extremity of distress, till at length they were rifled by robbers, who would, in all probability, have deprived them of their lives as well as of their apparel and effects, had not the thieves quarrelled about the booty, and, attacking one another, afforded an opportunity for the royal prisoners to make their escape. They had not proceeded far, when they were met by another ruffian, who approached them with a drawn sword in his hand, and fury in his aspect.

On

On this occasion, Margaret exhibited a remarkable proof of presence of mind and resolution. Taking her son by the hand, and assuming an air of confidence and majesty, 'There friend,' said she, 'save my son, the son of good king Henry.' The robber was struck with the dignity and beauty of her person, as well as with the nature of her address. He happened to be one of those who had been outlawed for adhering to the cause of her husband. His savage heart was melted into compassion at the sight of his queen and prince in such deplorable distress. He comforted them with assurances of fidelity and protection; and carefully conducted them to a village near the sea side, where they found an opportunity of embarking in a vessel for Flanders.

The present earl of Lauderdale was one day walking through the woods of his fine seat at Hatton, where he discovered a man
with

with a fowling-piece in quest of game. The earl knew the man, and the man knew the earl. The earl resolved to disarm him. The man was determined not to be disarmed. As each party was perfectly well acquainted with the rank of the other, there could be no mistake. My lord called to the man, ‘Sir, how dare you shoot in my grounds? Give me your gun.’ The man answered, My lord, I will not give my gun.’ ‘Sir,’ said my lord, ‘I will take it from you then.’ The man, who was an old soldier, replied, with a noble firmness, ‘My lord, your lordship may attempt to disgrace me, but by G— I will shoot you before I suffer it.’ The earl looked steadfastly at the man’s eyes, and saw him determined in his purpose. Struck with the grandeur of the man’s soul, his lordship put his hand in his pocket, pulled out some silver, ‘Here, take this; you’re a brave fellow!’ The man, whose sensibility was awakened by the earl’s generosity,

ty,

ty, burst into tears, and threw down his gun, saying, ' Your lordship may do what ' you please ! ' My lord Lauderdale desired the man to take up his gun and the silver, and only begged that he would not again shoot without licence in his lordship's grounds.

The countess of Chesterfield, a celebrated beauty, and the greatest coquet of the gay court of Charles II. was beloved by the duke of York, and not less by count Hamilton. Neglected at first by her husband, who, roused by the attentions of others to his fair spouse, became too late enamoured with her charms. At length, a mutual jealousy seized the lady, and her lover Hamilton: he, in the frenzy of revenge, persuaded the earl to carry her from the scene of gallantry, to pass her Christmas at his seat [Bredby-hall] in Derbyshire. She discovered the treachery of her lover, but contrived to inveigle him

him to visit her in her retreat, through all the real inconveniences of bad roads, dreadful weather, and dark nights, with the additional terrors of imaginary precipices and bogs, which she had painted in her billet, to add to the misery of his journey. A bad cottage was provided for his concealment, a false confidant brought him at midnight into a cold passage, under promise of an interview: he remained there till the day approached; the night began with rain, and ended with frost: he was cased with ice, perhaps complaining,

Me tuo longos pereunte noctes,

Lydia, dormis :

he quitted his station in despair; retired to his cabin, was terrified with the news of lord Chesterfield being at home; was alarmed with the sound of the hounds, and the earl enjoying the pleasures of the chace; peeped out, and found the country beautiful, and neither bog nor precipice: in a word, returned to London the next night, the ridicule

dicule of the gay monarch, and his merry court.

The late admiral Holbourne was not more distinguished for a brave and skilful commander than for the severity of discipline, the roughness of his manners, and the peculiarity of his temper, which the following anecdote may serve to illustrate: On being appointed in the late war to the command of the fleet stationed at Portsmouth, when he went down to attend his post for the first time, the youngest lieutenant on the board the Royal Ann (the ship on which he was to hoist his flag) was appointed his day-officer, to receive his orders every morning. The lieutenant, having never seen the admiral, was going the first morning to attend him on shore, and in his way met him, dressed in an old brown coat, shabby hat, without a cockade, or any ensign of his rank or profession. The admiral accosted him with,

‘ Where

‘Where the d——l are you going?’ The young officer eyeing him over, thought a contemptuous look was a sufficient reply, and walked on. ‘Hark you, Sir, I say; d——n your blood, what business are you going about?’ Nettled at a repetition of [such (aparently) insolent impertinence, the lieutenant returned, brandished his cane over the admiral’s head, and swore that nothing but his age and contemptible appearance saved him from the chastisement his insolence deserved, and that, if he ever presumed to acost him in the same manner again, he would consider neither. Nothing more passed: they parted. The lieutenant pursued his walk, and the admiral his. Upon enquiry at the admiral’s house, he was informed he was out, but desired to sit down till his return, which was not many minutes afterwards. His situation may more easily be imagined than described on seeing the admiral the person he had so lately encountered.

The

CURIOUS ANECDOTES. 193

The admiral perceived his embarrassment, avoided the least hint of the affair, entered into familiar converse with him, and afterwards testified his regard for him, by using his interest in getting him promoted to the command of a ship in the royal navy.

In the year 1691, in the reign of Hagi Chaban Dey, a Greek merchant, who resided at Algiers, used, almost every year, to make a voyage to Tunis or Egypt, retailing his cargo. A countryman of his dying, left him his executor; and, among other pious legacies, a certain sum for charitable uses. One day the merchant, passing by a Moor who was sitting upon a piece of a mat, lame and almost blind, asked charity of the merchant. He was the more inclined to give, because of his industry in making thread laces, being incapable of other work. He dropped him his handful of aspers; which unusual sight so transported the beggar, that

he followed the merchant upon his crutches, calling upon Heaven to shower down its blessings upon him. He told all he met with, how exceedingly bountiful that Christian had been to him, for the love of God; at which they were so pleased, that they all joined in his commendations, saying, That is an excellent person indeed; his charity extends beyond his sect. The beggar did not leave following his benefactor, till he discovered his house, and afterwards took post in a place where the merchant must daily pass by him. Next day the Moor begged his charity, and the Greek repeated it, - which gained him great reputation, and a crowd of customers. The Mahometan priests were not wanting to cry up the reward which God had given to this charitable Greek; who, finding the sweets of a charity which cost him nothing, continued his daily benevolence till the time of his departure for Egypt. The beggar still kept his post; but

but missing his benefactor, he made enquiry after him, and had the mortification to hear that he was out of the kingdom. When his clerk passed by, he used to lift up his hands and pray for his master's happy return, which happened five or six months after. The beggar was overjoyed to see him; and when the merchant, in return for his compliments, was going to bestow his charity on him, declined it, saying, It was better to pay him all his arrears at once. The Greek told him, He did not know what he meant by arrears. To which the other replied, That he had been absent near six months, and consequently that there was about one hundred and eighty rials due. The Greek did not know whether the fellow's impudence deserved most to be laughed at, or chastised. But the Moor laid his complaint before the dey, and the Greek merchant was sent for to make his defence. The Moor alleged, That the merchant had, for the

continuance of a whole month, daily given him a rial (about six-pence); that his charity had greatly increased his customers, and been a fund of riches; and that as to himself, upon such a daily income he was very glad to leave off working, which was very painful to him, having almost lost his sight; that the merchant went away without giving him the least notice that his pension was to cease; that he had still kept his post, praying to God for his return; besides, by relying on his accustomed liberality, he had contracted some debts for his support; but, upon demanding his arrears, the merchant had laughed at him, and threatened him. The Greek did not disown the truth of the premises; but insisted, that alms being a voluntary action, its continuance depended upon the will of the donor. After a discussion of the affair in council, the merchant was condemned to pay the beggar a rial for every day since his departure, to the day

of the decision, with a piaſter over-and-above, as a compensation for his reproaches; but withal empowering him to declare that very instant, that it was his intention never to give him any more alms or gratuity for the time to come. This the merchant many times proteſted, adding, That ſuch a ſentence would not be ſoon forgot.

Macklin having written a comedy many years ago, ſhewed it to his friend Quin, and aſked his opinion of it; who gave him ſome hopes of its ſucceſs, but deſired him to wait a little before he brought it out. His advice was complied with, and the next ſeaſon he was called upon again for his intereſt with Mr. Rich, to have it performed; but Quin had the addreſs to ſatisfy Macklin a ſecond time, by recommending him to wait a little longer:—Shylock retired growling, but complied. Next year he applied again, confident of ſucceſs,

cess, but was astonished at receiving the same answer as before. Unable now to contain himself, he asked his patron pettishly, How much longer he would have him wait? 'Till the day of judgment,' replied Quin, 'when you and your play may be d—ned together.'

The attachment of the Benbow family to the first and second Charles' brought them so low, that colonel John Benbow (notwithstanding his eminent service to the royal cause, particularly at the battle of Worcester) was taken very little notice of after the Restoration. Before that event took place, he had lived some time privately in his own country; but when Charles was restored, he was far advanced years, and yet so much to seek for a livelihood, that he was glad to accept of a small office belonging to the ordnance in the Tower, which just brought him in an income sufficient to furnish himself and family with
neces-

necessaries. He was in this situation, when, a little before the breaking out of the first Dutch war, the king came to the Tower to examine the magazines. There his majesty happened to cast an eye on the old colonel, who had now been distinguished for a fine head of grey hair for twenty years. The king knew him at first sight, and immediately came up and embraced him. ‘My old friend colonel Benbow!’ said he; ‘what do you here?’ ‘I have,’ returned the colonel, ‘a place of fourscore pounds a year, in which I serve your majesty as chearfully as if it had brought me in four thousand.’ ‘Alas!’ said the king, ‘is that all that could be done for an old friend at Worcester?’ ‘Colonel Legge, bring this gentleman to me to-morrow, and I will provide for him and his family, as it becomes me.’ But, short as the time was, the colonel did not live to receive, or even to claim, the effects of this promise; for the sense of the

king's kindness to him is said to have so overcome his spirits, that, sitting down on a bench, he there breathed his last, before the king was well out of the Tower.

The late Sir John Astley, member for Salop, was a remarkable cocker. • About forty years ago, he fought a single battle for a thousand guineas; during which, his cock received a blow, which staggered, and was supposed by every one present to have done for him; but the feeder immediately handled the cock, and set him against his antagonist, whom, with one blow, he killed; after which, Nichols (the feeder) took up the conqueror, and kissed his rump. Sir John preserved him as long as he lived, and when he died erected a monument to him, on which, in bass-relief, is to be seen Nichols, the feeder, kissing his rump, on whom also he settled an annuity of fifty pounds per annum. The monument is of marble, at

his

his seat in the country, and cost above five hundred pounds.

The Spanish historians relate a memorable instance of honour, and regard to truth. A Spanish cavalier, in a sudden quarrel, slew a Moorish gentleman, and fled. His pursuers soon lost sight of him, for he had, unperceived, thrown himself over a garden wall. The owner, a Moor, happening to be in his garden, was addressed by the Spaniard on his knees, who acquainted him with his case, and implored concealment. 'Eat this,' said the Moor (giving him half a peach); 'you know you may confide in my protection. He then locked him up in his garden apartment, telling him, as soon as it was night, he would provide for his escape to a place of greater safety. The Moor then went into his house, where he had scarce seated himself, when a great croud, with loud lamentations, came to his gate, bringing the

corpse of his son, who had just been killed by a Spaniard. When the first shock of surprize was a little over, he learned, from the description given, that the fatal deed was done by the very person then in his power. He mentioned this to no one; but, as soon as it was dark, retired to his garden, as if to grieve aloud, giving orders that none should follow him. Then accosting the Spaniard, he said, ‘ Christian, ‘ the person you have killed is my son ! his ‘ body is now in my house. You ought to ‘ suffer ; but you have eaten with me, and ‘ I have given you my faith, which must ‘ not be broken.’ He then led the astonished Spaniard to his stables, and mounted him on one of his fleetest horses, and said, ‘ Fly far, while the night can cover you : ‘ you will be safe in the morning. You ‘ are indeed guilty of my son’s blood ; ‘ but God is just and good, and, I thank ‘ him, I am innocent of your’s ; and that ‘ my faith given is preserved.’

There

There have been so many adventures and stories handed down to us of Charles II. and the earl of Rochester, which are so common and well known, that scarcely any have the air of novelty to recommend them. However, the following adventure, if not new, is but little known to the world, and is thus related: Rochester contrived, with one of Charles's mistresses, the following stratagem to cure that monarch of the nocturnal rambles to which he addicted himself. He agreed to go out one night with him to visit a celebrated house of intrigue, where he told his majesty the finest women in England were to be found. The king made no scruple to assume his usual disguise and accompany, and while he was engaged with one of the ladies of pleasure, who had been before instructed by Rochester how to behave, she picked his pocket of his watch and all his money, which the king did not immediately miss. Neither the people of

the house, nor the girl herself, were made acquainted with the quality of their visitor, nor had the least suspicion who he was. When the intrigue was ended, the king enquired for Rochester, but was told he had quitted the house, without taking leave: but he was thrown into still greater embarrassment, when, upon searching his pockets, in order to discharge the reckoning, he found his money gone. He was then reduced to the necessity of asking the bawd who kept the house to give him credit till to-morrow, as the gentleman who came in with him was not returned, who was to have paid for both. The consequence of this request was, he was abused and laughed at; and the old woman told him, That she had often been served such dirty tricks, and would not permit him to stir till the reckoning was paid, and then called one of her bullies to take care of him. In this ridiculous distress, the prisoner of a bawd, stood the sovereign
of

of three kingdoms ! After much altercation, the king at last proposed, that she should accept a ring, which he then took off his finger, in pledge for her money, which she likewise refused, and told him, that, as she was no judge of the value of the ring, she did not choose to accept such pledges. The king then desired that a jeweller might be called to give his opinion of the value of it ; but he was answered, That the expedient was impracticable, as no jeweller could then be supposed to be out of bed. After much intreaty, his majesty at last prevailed upon the bawd to let her bully knock up a jeweller, and shew him the ring ; which, as soon as he had inspected, he stood amazed, and enquired, with his eyes fixed upon the fellow, who he had got in his house ? To which he answered, ‘ A black-looking, ‘ ugly son of a whore, who had no money ‘ in his pocket, and was obliged to pawn ‘ his ring.’ ‘ The ring,’ says the jeweller,

‘ is

‘ is so immensely rich, that but one man
 ‘ in the nation could afford to wear it, and
 ‘ that one is the king.’ The jeweller, being
 astonished at this accident, went out
 with the bully, in order to be fully satisfied
 of so extraordinary an affair; and as
 soon as he entered the room, he knew the
 king’s features, notwithstanding his disguise;
 upon which he kneeled down, and, with the
 utmost respect, presented the ring to his
 majesty. The bawd and her bully, finding
 the extraordinary quality of their guest,
 were terrified and confounded, and asked
 pardon most submissively on their knees.
 The king, in the best-natured manner,
 forgave them, and laughing, asked, Whether
 the ring could not bear another bottle?

The amiable and philosophical Mr. Locke
 was a warm and steady friend, and therefore
 felt a strong indignation at any discovery of
 treachery, or insincerity
 in

in those in whom he had confided. It is said that a particular person, whose name is not mentioned, but with whom he had contracted an intimate friendship in the earlier part of his life, was afterwards discovered by him to be extremely base and treacherous. This false friend had not only taken every method privately of doing Mr. Locke whatever injury he could with those with whom he was connected, but also went off with a large sum of money that was his property, at a time when he knew it must involve him in considerable difficulties. Mr. Locke felt severely for the perfidy of his friend, and was, to the last degree, surprized when informed of the various arts he had made use of to injure him. All intercourse between them was now broken off, and for a long time he heard nothing of him, nor knew what became of him. But many years after, one morning, while he was at breakfast, at the time he was one of the lords of trade

trade and plantations, word was brought him, that a man, in a very shabby habit, requested the honour of speaking to him, Mr. Locke, with the politeness and humanity that were natural to him, immediately ordered him to be admitted; and found, to his great astonishment, his old friend reduced, by a life of cunning and extravagance, to the greatest poverty and distress, and come to solicit his forgiveness, and implore his assistance. Mr. Locke looked at him for some time, very steadfastly, without speaking a word. At length, taking out a fifty pound note, he presented it to him with the following remarkable declaration: ‘Though I sincerely forgive your behaviour to me, yet I must never put it in your power to injure me a second time. Take this trifle, which I give; not as a mark of my former friendship, but as a relief to your present wants, and consign to the service of your necessities, without recollecting how

‘ how little you deserve it. No reply! It
 ‘ is impossible to regain my good opinion;
 ‘ for know, friendship once injured, is for
 ‘ ever lost.’

The following biographical anecdote of so great a man as the celebrated dwarf Jeffery Hudson, we believe, will not be unentertaining to our readers. This little hero underwent a life of vast variety. He was born the son of a labourer, at Okeham, in 1619; at the age of seven he was not eighteen inches high; at which time he was taken into the family of the duke of Buckingham, at Burleigh on the Hill, and had there the honour of being served up to table in a cold pye, to surprize the court, then on a progress. On the marriage of Charles I. he was promoted to the service of Henrietta; and was even so far trusted as to be sent to France, to bring over her majesty's midwife. In his passage he was taken by a pirate, and carried

ried into Dunkirk. His captivity gave rise to the *Jeoffreidos*, a poem by Sir William Davenant, on his duel in that part with a turkey-cock. His diminutive size did not prevent his acting in a military capacity; for, during the civil wars, he served as captain of horse. In following the fortunes of his mistress into France, he unluckily engaged in a quarrel with Mr. Crofts, who came into the field armed only with a squirt: a second meeting was appointed on horseback, when Jeffery killed his antagonist at the first shot. For this he was expelled the court, which sent him to sea, when he was again captive to a Turkish rover, and sold into Barbary. On his release he was made a captain in the royal navy; and, on the final retreat of *Henrietta*, attended her to France, and remained there till the Restoration. In 1682, this little creature was made of that importance as to be supposed to be concerned in the popish plot, and was committed to
the

the Gate-house, where he ended his life, at the age of sixty-three, passed with all the consequential activity of a Lilliputian hero.

One major John Davies, of the foot-guards, a true ancient Briton, a man very nice and tenacious of his honour, as indeed most of the Welch are, when one day at dinner, with a large company, at a tavern, a gentleman jocularly in discourse ‘said, ‘Ah! major! major! you still love to ‘ride the fore-horse:’ alluding to his desire of being foremost in all parties of pleasure. Major Davies immediately changed colour, and took the earliest opportunity of calling his friend aside, and demanding satisfaction: ‘The latter asked for what?’ The major made no reply, but by drawing his sword. They fought, and the major was soon disarmed. ‘Now Jack,’ said his ‘friend, ‘pray tell me what we fought ‘for?’ ‘Ah, Ralph,’ replied the major, ‘why

‘ why did you reproach me with having
 ‘ been a postilion?’ ‘ It is true I was one ;
 ‘ but by what means did you know it ?
 ‘ and when did you know it ? Why would
 ‘ you hint it to the company, by saying,
 ‘ That I still loved to ride the fore-horse ?’
 The gentleman protested his ignorance of
 the fact, and consequently his innocence
 of intending any affront. The two friends
 were immediately re-united as strongly as
 before ; and the major ever afterwards was
 particularly cautious how he discovered his
 original, or blindly followed the folly of
 his own suspicions.

When Dr. Samuel Johnson was a young
 man, he had very little celebrity as a
 writer, and therefore was under the neces-
 sity of drudging for a subsistence at com-
 piling and translating ; a work the most
 dismal to a man of any fancy, as it re-
 quires little more than simple perception
 and application. However, no restraints
 which

which dullness imposed could so entirely check the activity of his mind, as to prevent his seizing every opportunity of treasuring up fresh knowledge. Some particular and favourite chain of thinking occupied his mind for three or four days together, during which space he did nothing but read and meditate. The mercenary retailer of genius who employed him, was stark mad at his stupidity and idleness, as he termed it; however, he was deterred for some time from reprehending him, either from his gigantic stature, or the well-known irascibility of his temper. But human nature is weak, and the voice of interest can sometimes make even a coward brave. At last, the bookseller summoned up resolution to speak to him, which he did, one day as he was reading in his shop, much in the following manner:

‘Sblood! Mr. Johnson, what’s the meaning of this? I am surprized you
 ‘ would

‘ would treat a person who has behaved
 ‘ so liberal to you, as I have in this man-
 ‘ ner ! Here are three days now, and you
 ‘ have done nothing upon the face of
 ‘ God’s earth, but mope about and read,
 ‘ never considering, like a prudent man,
 ‘ what you might have earned in the mean
 ‘ time.’ The word earned touched the
 very key of discord in the doctor’s mind.
 ‘ Earned, you r——l !’ he reiterated ;
 then seizing a huge folio, he threw it at
 poor Title-page’s head, which fortunately
 was so fortified in professional thickness,
 that it escaped with a slight contusion in
 the forehead, and a black eye.

When the late Mr. Sterne was on his
 travels through France, being one day at
 Versailles, he fell in company with count
 de B——, who, in the course of conversa-
 tion (which turned chiefly upon national
 characters), asked him, How he liked the
 French ? The reader may suppose, that,
 after

after so obliging a proof of courtesy, he could not be at a loss to say something handsome to the inquiry. ‘Mais passe, pour cela.’ ‘Speak frankly,’ said the count; ‘do you find all the urbanity in the French which the world give us the honour of?’ ‘I had found every thing,’ replied Yorick, ‘which confirmed it.’ ‘Vraiment,’ said the Frenchman, ‘les Francois sont polis.’ ‘To an excess:’ returned Sterne. The count took notice of the word excess; and would have it the other meant more than he said, who defended himself a long time as well as he could against it. The former insisted he had a reserve, and desired he would speak frankly. ‘I believe, Monsieur le Count,’ said Sterne, ‘that man has a certain compass, as well as an instrument; and that the social and other calls have occasion by turns for every key in him; so that if you begin a note too high, or too low, there must be a want either

' in the upper or under part, to fill up
 ' the system of harmony.' The count de
 B——, did not understand music, so
 desired him (Mr. Sterne) to explain it some
 other way. ' A polished nation, my dear
 ' count,' continued Mr. Sterne, ' makes
 ' every one its debtor; and besides urba-
 ' nity itself, like the fair sex, has so many
 ' charms, it goes against the heart to say
 ' it can do ill: and yet, I believe, there
 ' is but a certain line of perfection that
 ' man, take him altogether, is impowered
 ' to arrive at; if he gets beyond, he ra-
 ' ther exchanges qualities than gets them.
 ' I must not presume to say, how far this
 ' has affected the French in the subject we
 ' are speaking off; but should it ever be
 ' the case of the English, in the progress
 ' of their resentments, to arrive at the same
 ' polish which distinguishes the French, if
 ' we did not lose the politesse de cœur, which
 ' inclines men more to humane actions
 ' than courteous ones, we should at least
 ' lose

' lose that distinct variety and originality
 ' of character which distinguishes them
 ' not only from each other, but from all
 ' the world besides.' Sterne had a few king
 William's shillings, as smooth as glass,
 in his pocket; and, foreseeing they would
 be of use in the illustration of his hypo-
 thesis, had got them into his hand, when
 he had proceeded so far. ' See, Monsieur
 ' le Count,' said he, rising up, and laying
 them before him upon the table, ' by
 ' jingling and rubbing one against another
 ' for seventy years together, in one body's
 ' pocket or another's, they are become so
 ' much alike you can scarce distinguish
 ' one shilling from another. The Eng-
 ' lish, like ancient medals, kept more a-
 ' part, and passing but few peoples' hands,
 ' preserve the first sharpnesses which the
 ' fine hand of nature has given them; they
 ' are not so pleasant to feel, but, in return,
 ' the legend is so visible, that, at the first
 ' look, you see whose image and super-
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‘ scription they bear. But the French,
 ‘ Monsieur le Count,’ added Sterne, wish-
 ing to soften what he had said, ‘ have so
 ‘ many excellencies, they can the better
 ‘ spare this : they are a loyal, a gallant,
 ‘ generous, an ingenious, and good-tem-
 ‘ pered people as is under Heaven ; if
 ‘ they have a fault they are too *serious*.’
 ‘ Mon Dieu !’ cried the Count, raising out
 of his chair. ‘ Mais vous plaïsantez,’
 said he, correcting his exclamation. Sterne
 laid his hand upon his breast, and, with
 earnest gravity, assured him, it was his set-
 tled opinion. Here the conversation end-
 ed, the Count being engaged to go to
 dine with the duc de C—.

Thomas Cromwell, afterwards earl of
 Essex, when a youth, during his travels
 in foreign parts, happened to be at Flo-
 rence, in a most destitute condition, and
 in want of the common necessities of life.
 In this deplorable situation he was taken
 notice

notice of by an Italian merchant, who frequently traded with England, and whose name was Francis Frescobald. This merchant, after enquiring into the particulars of young Cromwell's story, being pleased with his air and manners, took him into his house, and kindly entertained him; and, at his departure, furnished him with a horse, and new cloaths, and sixteen ducats of gold, in order to carry him again into his own country. It happened that, many years after, when Cromwell was prime minister to Henry VIII. this merchant, who, in consequence of many losses in trade, was become very poor, came over into England, in order to recover a considerable sum of money which was due to him. During his residence in London, for this purpose, Lord Cromwell being one day riding towards court, accidentally cast his eyes upon Frescobald, who happened to be passing through the street. The merchant had entirely for-

gotten the person of Cromwell, and was altogether unacquainted with his advancement ; but the grateful Cromwell, recognizing the features of his old benefactor, regardless of the spectators, and to the great surprize of his attendants, hastily alighted from his horse, and very affectionately embraced him. After some conversation in the street, Lord Cromwell, who was then obliged to go to court, assuring the merchant of his friendship, and of his grateful sense of his obligations to him, insisted upon his coming that day to dine with him at his house. He accordingly did so, and at dinner lord Cromwell related to the lord high admiral, and other persons of rank who were present, the friendship which had been formerly shewn him by Frescobald : and all the time the merchant continued in England, lord Cromwell lodged and entertained him in his own house : he also gave him sixteen hundred ducats, in return for the sixteen

which

which he received of him at Florence; and he exerted himself so warmly in his behalf, that Frescobald, by his means, soon recovered the money which was due to him in England.

Sir Robert Cecil (afterwards earl of Salisbury), prime minister to queen Elizabeth, was a man who had all the arts of a courtier. During the latter years of that queen's reign, he entered (unknown to his sovereign and her ministers) into a correspondence with James I. At one time, indeed, he was very near being discovered; but, by uncommon presence of mind, he avoided the danger; for, as the queen was taking the air upon Black-heath, a post riding by, her majesty enquired from whence it came? and being told, 'From Scotland,' she stopped her coach to receive the packet. Upon which Sir Robert Cecil (who was in the coach with her) was extremely apprehensive lest his secret

correspondences should be discovered; however, he put a good face upon the matter, and hastily called for a knife to open the packet, that delays and puts-off might not breed suspicion. But when he came to cut it open, he told the queen that it looked and smelt very ill, coming out of many unfavoury budgets; so it was proper to open and air it before she saw what it contained: and the queen having no suspicion of his design, and being delicate in the sense of smelling, delayed her curiosity till the packet was aired; by which means Cecil had an opportunity of secreting the intelligence which he had dreaded might be discovered.

While the brave captain Benbow (son of colonel John Benbow, of whom mention is made in a few preceding pages) commanded his own frigate in the Mediterranean, he was attacked in his passage to Cadiz by a Sallee rover, against whom he

he defended himself, notwithstanding the inferiority of his numbers, with the utmost bravery, till at last the Moors boarded him, but were quickly beat out of their ship again, with the loss of thirteen men, whose heads captain Benbow ordered to be cut off, and thrown into a tub of pork-pickle. When he arrived at Cadiz, he went on shore, and ordered a negro servant to follow him, with the Moors heads in a sack. He had scarcely landed, before the officers of the revenue enquired of his servant what he had in his sack? The captain answered, Salt provisions for his own use. 'That may be,' answered the officers, 'but we must insist upon seeing them.' Captain Benbow alledged, That he was no stranger there; that he did not use to run goods, and pretended to take it ill that he was suspected. The officers told him, that the magistrates were sitting not far off, and that if they were satisfied with his word, his servant might carry the
pro-

provisions where he pleased ; but that otherwise, it was not in their power to grant any such dispensation. The captain consented to the proposal, and away they marched to the custom-house, Mr. Benbow in the front, his man in the centre, and the officers in the rear. The magistrates, when he came before them, treated captain Benbow with great civility, and told him, That they were sorry to make a point of such a trifle, but that, since he had refused to shew the contents of his sack to their officers, the nature of their employments obliged them to demand a sight of them ; and that, as they doubted not they were salt provisions, the shewing them could be of no great consequence one way or other. ‘ I told you,’ says Benbow, sternly, ‘ they were salt provisions for my own use. Cæsar, throw them down upon the table ; and, gentlemen, if you like them, they are at your service.’ The Spaniards were exceedingly

ly

ly struck at the sight of the Moors heads, and no less astonished at the account of the captain's adventure, who, with so small a force, had been able to defeat such a number of barbarians. They sent an account of the whole matter to the court of Madrid, and Charles II. then king of Spain, was so much pleased with it, that he desired to see the English captain. Accordingly Benbow made a journey to court, where he was received with great testimonies of respect, and not only dismissed with a handsome present, but his Catholic majesty was also pleased to write a letter in his behalf to king James II. who, upon the captain's return, gave him a ship, which was his introduction to the royal navy.

Voltaire's love of English humour is so strong, that he will preserve the most common and blackguard stories; and, by taking proper memorandums of them, one
would

would think he means to new dress them, and thereby make them his own, in some future book of tales. A certain English general officer led so dissipated a life, that he often drank tokay of a guinea a quart, even when alone. Upon which his lady would often say, ‘ My dear general, what-
 ‘ ever you do for the honour of the crown,
 ‘ and in compliment to state-days, do not
 ‘ drink such expensive wine when by
 ‘ yourself; for what must your poor chil-
 ‘ dren do?’ ‘ Oh!’ says the general, ‘ I
 ‘ am easy as to that; let them smell at the
 ‘ corks.’ It being necessary to tap him some time after for the dropsy, he went through the operation like a soldier; but asking what the surgeons had found, and they replying water, he said, ‘ How can
 ‘ that be? I never drank a drop of water
 ‘ all my life. But how long will it be
 ‘ before I must be tapped again?’ On being answered six months, he replied, ‘ It
 ‘ is impossible! no vessel in my house ever
 ‘ held

‘ held above six weeks.’ In short, his life was so profligate, that his lady at last saying, ‘ Why, general, you will not leave a shilling to bury you ?’ ‘ Oh !’ says he, ‘ I’ll stink them into good manners.’ When this story was told Voltaire, he rubbed his hands for joy, immediately set pen to paper, and an elegant tale on that subject, with all the English bon mots, is now to be seen at Fernex.

It is said of that truly-great man, Sir Isaac Newton, that a very intimate friend happened to call one day at his house, and was introduced into the room where Sir Isaac generally dined, and where a boiled chicken had been some time waiting for him under a cover, agreeable to his own direction ; but he was then too busily engaged in his study to attend to any thing of that kind. The gentleman, not having himself dined, and finding, after some time, that Sir Isaac did not come, sat
down

down himself to the chicken, and completely finished it, putting the cover over the bones, and giving the servant directions to prepare another. After a while, Sir Isaac came down from his study, and telling his friend he was both weary and hungry, took off the cover under which he supposed his chicken was, but found then little else besides bones; upon which he immediately concluded within himself that he had already dined, and that it had escaped his memory. ‘Well,’ said he, looking at his friend, and smiling, ‘in truth, I had utterly forgot that I had dined before.’

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